The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Vessel for sale—The Dolphin. Apply to Johnny Roach.

Cleveland is president and Johnny Roach's occupation is gone.

One of the greatest bank failures on record occurred in Ireland the other day

The rocks at Hell Gate, in New York harbor, are to be blown up by a monstrous blast, in a few days. This will amount to an actual revision, and we think the place will then be named Sheol-gate.

We met one Centre county Republican, the other day, who is not for Gen. Beaver for governor. "Mighty oaks from little acorns grow." Perhaps this man will sprout into another independent party.

High license is working hard with the saloons in St. Louis. It is estimated that two hundred and fifty saloons have been closed since July 1st, under the high license law, and four hundred saloons will be shut up during the month.

How any Republican, who was opposed to Cameron and boss rule, can vote for Quay next fall, is a question we would like to have answered. Quay was Cameron's man Friday all his life, and did the bidding of his master in all things. Boss rule gets its warmest endorsement by Quay's election, and if Republicans are sincere in their dislike of Cameronism, they will vote against Quay next November.

Secretary Whitney has blocked the game of robbing the government in contracts for government work, and Johnny Roach—a regular cock roach—gets no more soft snaps and fat jobs for unseaworthy ships. The Dolphin, his latest job, has been rejected by the administration for not coming up to specifications, and the attorney general gives it as his opinion that Johnny cock-Roach must refund the money advanced by the late administration on the Dolphin.

There is to be some big submarine shooting in New York harbor some of these days, and we would advise big and little fish to stand from under. Flood Rock reef, at Hell Gate, will be blown up in October. Nearly nine acres of rock will be disposed of by the blast, which will consist of 300,000 pounds of dynamite and rackrock, deposited in 13,700 holes, along galleries more than four miles in length. The Hallett's reef blast was of 50,000 pounds of dynamite, and disposed of three and one-fourth acres of rock.

A singing snake has been sent to the Washington museum, and is creating quite a sensation. A good many queer snakes appear at Washington; they remain hidden awhile in bills before congress, and when perfectly tired out create quite a buzz that is heard all over the land. If this singing snake is any improvement on the congressional snake, we welcome its advent, and if its sting is poisonous we favor letting about one thousand of the reptiles loose on the floor of congress when that body is in session, so that all congressmen may be in constant dread of snakes, whether hidden in bills or otherwise.

Ex-Senator Buckalew has written on the tenure of office laws, in which he proves conclusively that these laws, as they now stand upon the statute books, are of little effect in restraining the power of appointment and removal, which belongs to the president. The act of 1867, as Mr. Buckalew points out, was made to curb Johnson; the supplementary act of 1869 to relieve Grant. For appearance sake the act was not repealed outright when a Republican president came into office, but it was so modified as to leave him free to turn out those who had held office under his predecessor. While the word "employed" is not "remove," but "suspend," yet the suspension practically operates as removal, being without limitation. The appointment of a successor to the suspended officer must be with the advice and consent of the senate, as it should be, under the constitution, without regard to these acts; but a failure to confirm does not restore the suspended officer. That this interpretation of the tenure of office laws, coming as it does from an able lawyer, and a man who was in the senate when they were passed, and is thoroughly familiar with the causes which called them into being, would be sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States no one seems to deny. But we do not think there will be a test case carried to that court during the present administration at least. The higher class of Republican senators have no desire to contest President Cleveland's appointments and the Congers and Riddlebergers have not strength enough to do it.

THE NEW SOUTH.

While other sections are still suffering from the present depression, the reports of industrial activity which come from the south are most encouraging. A semi-annual review just published in a Baltimore commercial paper on the condition of manufacturing enterprises in the southern states, shows that those already established are doing well, while the number of new ones is large enough to occasion surprise. According to this authority the amount of capital stock represented by new enterprises for the first six months of the current year amounts, in round numbers, to $36,534,000. Of course this does not mean all paid up or subscribed capital, but at the same time there are many hundreds of small industries, representing in the aggregate a large amount of money which are not included in the list. As yet, the New South is only in its infancy. One great bar has been removed and that is the supicion formerly entertained by northern capitalists as to the stability of southern investments. Now they see that their fears were foolish ones and are willing to take advantage of the rich fields open to them. Thousands of busy, pushing men with millions of capital are sure to follow the example set by a few sturdy pioneers. It is more than probable that the record of the first six months of 1885 will be doubled before the year ends.

The case of Mr. Charles S. Kingsley, of Mansfield, this state, furnishes the foundation for a tale as entertaining as Irving's story of Rip Van Winkle. Kingsley was a soldier in the late civil war, and was so badly wounded about the head that his skull had to be held together by means of silver plates. Soon after these plates were adjusted, about twenty years ago, he became insane and was placed in an asylum at Washington. A few days ago it was discovered that one of the plates was pressing against his brain, and it was at once removed, whereupon reason began to return, and the veteran soon became perfectly sane. But the twenty years during which that piece of silver was pressing against his brain had been plucked from his life, so to speak. He has no recollection of anything that has occurred in that time. The war to him is a thing of to-day, and he is as bewildered by the changes he finds as old Rip was when he returned to his home in the Catskills after his twenty years' nap. But Kingsley is better off than Rip was, for while he has been asleep time has gone on making a fortune for him. The back pension to which he is now entitled amounts to nearly $20,000, and in addition to this he is entitled to $75 a month as long as he lives. Moreover, and the best of all, he found his family intact though in destitute circumstances, at his old home in Mansfield.

The failure of the Munster bank at Cork, Ireland, for nearly $9,000,000, came about in the same way that many bank failures have in this country. The president and one or two directors appear to run the bank, as the expression is, and to have helped themselves to money at will, making heavy overdrafts, and when the advances were not overdrafts, were imperfectly secured. The stockholders forced these gentlemen out of office, but the mischief was beyond remedy. The dog had got a bad name. Later developments showed a large unsecured indebtedness, and the Bank of Ireland cut off supplies. Then came the suspension, which will add to the distress which Ireland is suffering. Bad management is the explanation of the whole affair.

If the senate of Pennsylvania were cut down to fifteen members, and the house to about seventy, these places would be elevated in proportion, and the best men would be chosen to fill them instead of the trash that for years has been disgracing the state. As you decrease the number of members in our legislative halls so you elevate the standard; as you increase the number, the greater do you make the rabble and confusion, and the greater becomes the need for the executive veto of measures passed by men, many of whom do not know what they are about and many others of whom are corrupt and in market for any job. We think the history of the past, in this and other states, justifies us in this opinion.

There would be better laws by better men, and hundreds of thousands of dollars saved in salaries. A half dozen good men of ability are safer than two hundred pot-house politicians and loud-mouthed demagogues in our legislative halls.

Increase the number of senators to one hundred and fifty and the members of the house to four hundred, and see what an infernal set of villains will get to Harrisburg in consequence.

Remarked by R. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale county, Mich.: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Believe it infallible for rheumatics."

FAILURE OF JOHN ROACH.

Washington, July 20.—The failure of John Roach, the ship-builder, leaves the Dolphin on the hands of the government as completely as if the vessel had been accepted. It is thought by naval officers that the government will be obliged to take possession of the three unfinished cruisers as security for the money already paid on them. The acceptance of the Dolphin would have saved Roach, by not raising doubt as to the other vessels. Now, after all, the government will have to take them.

TAX COLLECTORS TO BE ELECTED.

The late legislature passed one sensible act, which the Reporter favored long ago, namely, the election of tax collectors by the people. The act was signed by the governor, and hereafter all taxes will be collected by one officer. We give the important sections below:

Section 1. Qualified electors of each borough and township in this commonwealth shall, on the third Tuesday of February of each year hereafter, elect an officer to be styled collector of taxes, whose term of office shall commence on the first Monday of April next after his election.

* * * * *

Sec. 4. The several county, borough, township, school, poor and other authorities now empowered, and which may hereafter be empowered, to levy taxes within the several boroughs and townships of this commonwealth shall, on or before the first day of August, of each year, after the first election of collector of taxes under this act, issue their respective duplicates of taxes assessed to the collector of taxes of their respective boroughs and townships, with their warrants attached, directing and authorizing him to collect the same; but road taxes may be worked out as heretofore: *Provided*, That such special and other road taxes as it may be lawful and necessary to collect in money may, at the discretion of the supervisors or road commissioners, be placed in the hands of the collector of taxes, with their warrant, for collection by him, for which he shall receive five per centum of the amount collected by him, or the same may be collected by the supervisors or road commissioners, as heretofore: *Provided further*, That the limitation in this act as to time and the requirements hereof relating to keeping an alphabetical list of persons charged with taxes shall not apply to road taxes.

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Sec. 7. Where any duplicate of taxes assessed is issued and delivered to the collector of taxes, it shall be the duty of said collector to give public notice as soon thereafter as conveniently can be done, by at least ten written or printed notices, to be posted in as many public places in different parts of the township or borough that said duplicate has been issued and delivered to him, and all persons who shall within sixty days from the date of said notice make payment of any taxes charged against them in said duplicate, shall be entitled to a reduction of five per centum from the amount thereof, and all persons who shall fail to make payment of any taxes charged against them in said duplicate for six months after notice given as aforesaid, shall be charged five per cent additional on the taxes charged against them, which shall be added thereto by said collector of taxes and collected by him.

Sec. 8. The collector of taxes shall in person, or by some person duly authorized, be in attendance for the purpose of receiving and receipting for taxes, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week during the last two weeks of said sixty days, between the hours of 2 o'clock and 6 o'clock in the afternoon, at his residence or some other place in the proper township or borough to be designated by him in the notice aforesaid.

Sec. 9. The collector of taxes shall collect the taxes charged in said duplicates and pay over the same to the respective treasurers or authorities entitled thereto, after deducting his commission for the collection thereof, which is hereby fixed at two per centum on all taxes paid to him, on which an abatement of five per centum is allowed and at five per centum on all taxes afterwards collected: *Provided*, That where the total amount of taxes charged on a duplicate is less than one thousand dollars, the said collector shall receive three per centum on all taxes paid to him on which an abatement of five per centum is allowed.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Dispatches from Russia state that the harvest prospects throughout the empire are the gloomiest experienced for many years, and that unless there is a general rain forthwith, the whole crop will be lost.

The prevalent dronth in India is causing much anxiety in regard to the crops.

The fires that have been burning in the Cranberry bogs and timber lands of South Jersey, have been partially extinguished by rain. About 64,000 square acres of land have been burned over in Burlington and Camden counties and the damage is immense.

We make the following liberal proposition to the subscribers of the Reporter: Any one sending us the name of a new cash subscriber for one year, will get a credit of three months for his trouble, and the new name two months extra. We would be pleased to have every reader send us at least one name under this very liberal offer. For any additional names we will allow the same. tf

It was hardly expected that the foolishness of Dennis Kearney, who intends to run for governor of California, would be surpassed this season, but it is now said that Mahone intends to run for governor of Virginia. This would indicate that the time has come for Ben Butler to again stand for the governorship of Massachusetts.

——Headquarters for clothing at J. D. Long & Son's, Spring Mills.

DETERMINED RUSSIA.

She Will Seize Herat—The Ameer Holds a Jubilee.

London, July 19.—A dispatch from Paris says the French foreign office has received information which shows that the Russians are determined on seizing Herat, and that the massing of Russian troops now going on near Zulfikar Pass is for that purpose.

The proclamation of the Ameer of Afghanistan announcing the receipt by him of the Decoration of the Star of India, and declaring that he was now entitled to aid from the Indian army, if necessary, was issued at Herat. The Ameer in his proclamation ordered the illumination of Herat to celebrate his investiture with the order.

A dispatch from Paris to the Exchange telegraph company says that the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, who was about to leave the Russian capital on a furlough to enjoy a vacation, has been ordered to remain at his post, because of the gravity of the Afghanistan difficulty.

MORMON OUTBREAK.

Kansas City, Mo., July 17.—General Howard, who recently wrote President Cleveland suggesting the possibility of hostile demonstrations at Salt Lake by Mormons, on their Pioneers' Anniversary, on the 24th inst., received telegrams to-day from the president, directing him to keep all posts of the Western Platte department in full strength, and prepared for any emergency that may arise in Utah in the near future. General Hatch, with the Fifth cavalry, will be ordered to be in readiness at Ogalala, Nebraska, to proceed by fast train to Salt Lake, if necessary. The Sixth infantry at Fort Douglas, Utah, consisting of five hundred men, will be retained there, and are considered sufficient to guard against anything except an organized outbreak.

REPORTED ROWS WITH THE RED MEN.

Fort Keogh, Montana, July 19.—News of serious trouble among the Northern Cheyenne Indians has been received here. An exciting report has also reached here that the Northern Cheyennes have broken out, being started on the war-path by news from Southern Cheyennes and Indian territory. Still another report says that in an engagement between Carpenter and Robinson's cow-boys, five cow-boys and seven Indians were killed. These reports all seem well founded, and there is great excitement among ranchers and settlers on the Tongue and Rosebud rivers.

CHAS. S. WOLF ON QUAY.

"I feel kindly toward Colonel Quay personally, but I cannot vote for him. I cannot do so consistently with his past and mine. Will I make any active fight against him? "Oh, no; I am out of politics."—*Interview in Magee's Pittsburg Times.*

GENERAL GRANT IMPROVED.

Mt. McGregor, N. Y., July 19.—General Grant passed a very quiet night. His pulse this morning was 72, and fuller and stronger than yesterday. The benefits of the fair night's rest have been supplemented to-day by improved conditions, made possible by the clear, cool weather. Saturdays, for four weeks past, have been days of mental depression and physical weakness, and the succeeding Mondays have as regularly marked apparent improvement of mental and bodily conditions. Yesterday morning the patient's lassitude was very apparent and his spirits were depressed. To-day the general sat on the piazza much of the time. His pulse during the day showed no change. He read the papers and passed a restful and uneventful day.

THE TRUNK-LINE CONFLICT.

Progress of the Pennsylvania-Vanderbilt Peace Negotiations.

Philadelphia, July 13.—The *Record* tomorrow will say: "Assurances were given yesterday by those in a position to know whereof they speak, that the negotiations between the Pennsylvania and Vanderbilt interests have made such rapid progress that they have been practically completed. A gentleman who has been intimately acquainted with the negotiations from their inception said that there was no purpose upon the part of the Pennsylvania railroad company to mash the Reading railroad or to snatch it from the hands of its present owners. He said that Mr. Vanderbilt and the officials of the Pennsylvania railroad company have listened to the advice of sound business men, who have demonstrated to them that the trunk-line war was answerable for the great depression in all railway securities and the sympathetic depression in all other values. The two interests began to consider how they could make peace and end the trunk-line war, and then followed the proposition of the Pennsylvania railroad company that Mr. Vanderbilt should dispose of his interest in the South Pennsylvania, the Beech Creek, Clearfield and Southwestern railroad company to them at a price to be named by a disinterested party who should make a valuation.

"The Vanderbilt interest proposed that the Pennsylvania railroad company should give its influence to that interest in securing to it the control of the West Shore railroad property and that the Pennsylvania railroad company's policy in the New England States should be less aggressive. These are understood to be the salient features of the agreement. The Reading is in no way involved in the matter except so far as the traffic agreement with the Beach Creek railroad into the soft coal region may be concerned. The new contract will lessen the fierceness of the competition of the coal over that road with those of the Pennsylvania railroad. The statements about Mr. Vanderbilt unloading his Reading railroad stock on the Pennsylvania railroad company are pronounced as utterly without foundation."

[From the Philadelphia *Press*, July 11th, 1885.]

CAPE MAY BELLES.

ENCHANTING GALAXY OF YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL AND GRACEFUL WOMEN.

Venus in the Bewitching Guise of the Sea and the Dainty Garb of the Boardwalk, Accompanied by All Her Sisters.

Special Despatch to the Press.

Cape May, July 10.—At Cape May beauty is like poverty and beauties like the poor—"ye have them always with you." It is a long stretch from seventy-five years ago till now, but Cape May has bridged the chasm with an increasing succession of beauty. The belles of the olden time might not recognize their successors of the present, but the latter are the direct descendants of the former, and as honestly deserve as did the famous old beauties the right handed down from summer to summer without a break, of defending against all comers Cape May's claim of supremacy as the resort of lovely women.

Everybody goes to see the trains come in at Cape May, and the effect of the aggregation upon the casual traveler alighting from the cars, (not with his eyes full of cinders and his clothes full of dust, as in years gone by,) is very demoralizing. The shock of a cold surf bath is nothing to it. It is beauty, beauty all around, but nary a beauty for him. After a few trips to the Cape the casual stranger generally can stand the strain of arrival with more equanimity. He finds that all the beauty is not inspecting him, after all, and generally, if he's any sort of a man, he manages to have a drop of beauty all for himself in the ocean of it that surges around the station.

BEWITCHING CAPE MAY BEAUTIES.

Whether it is that Cape May air develops beauty, or that the beauty of the country has taken upon itself to develop Cape May, nobody knows, but certain it is that the worshiper of the ugly can find no sanctuary for his incense offering at the Cape. Beauty, attired in clinging white flannel, walks along the beach under big red sunshades; beauty, in bewitching black, with red ribbons and straw bonnets, goes shopping around the town; beauty, in costumes above the waist, chiefly of lace—black lace some times—drives up and down Beach avenue in fancy dog-carts; beauty, in dreams of dresses, throngs the hotel ball rooms two or three nights every week, watching the dancing, and occasionally, very occasionally, dancing itself.

Beauty also bathes. So do men and everybody else at Cape May. Bathing at Cape May is as delicious as eating a good dinner anywhere else. The beach is as broad as the preacher's estimate of the road Bob Ingersoll is traveling; as level as the head of the office holder who is on both sides of the fence about the time the administration changes, and so firm, and easy, and warm, that lying on it and watching the sky and the waves is like going to paradise by the parlor car route.

The surf at Cape May is like the surf at no other place in the world—worse luck for the other places. Plunging in it is the perfection of seaside enjoyment. It has all of the bracing stimulus of the salt, without the disagreeable chill. Its long, even swell makes swimming as easy as in a lake, and the breakers break just enough to give a pleasant tingle, like the sparkle in soda water. So safe is the Cape May surf that the little children stand in it waist deep, and play "ring-around-a-rosy" and "Copenhagen," without the necessity of the old folks watching them.

PICTURESQUE BATHING SCENES.

Custom makes from eleven to one the bathing hours at the Cape, and during that time the scene on the beach is one of rare life and beauty—a veritable vanity fair, with the naughtiness left out. Not everybody bathes every day, and the hundreds who are "not going in to-day," dressed in their gayest, walk up and down and watch the hundreds who are in. The good clothes on the beach and the gayety in the water make a delightful combination.

In years past Cape May has, justly or unjustly, borne the reputation of being somewhat in advance of the age in the matter of bathing suits for the ladies. A careful and conscientious inspection of the shore shows that this year, at any rate, there is no foundation for any such charge against the modesty of the Cape May ladies, perhaps because they are of a style that needs no adventious setting off in the way of excessive abbreviation of attire. A man looking for information on this subject to-day watched the rise and fall of the bathers in the inviting billows. A bit of wreckage floated ashore near him. It had black eyes, dark hair streaming to the waist, and too wavy to hang in streams, and plump cheeks softly browned. A big breaker had tumbled it somewhat, but it did not seem seriously damaged. It didn't look frightend, and the man ventured to introduce himself as a meek and lowly seeker after knowledge.

"Are—that is, do they wear—I mean—well—are bathing suits shorter than usual this year?"

Sparkling teeth illuminated the reply: "Why, I don't know; I think there have been enough to go around so far."

Desperation-nerved, the man tried again. "You didn't understand; I meant to ask, that is, I wanted to know, you know, if, I mean whether, that is, if it is true, if the ladies' skirts are shorter than usual this season?"

A little, neatly-slippered foot stole from under the red-braided edge of a skirt. A slender hand, tipping a long white arm, pulled the skirt until it almost covered a red-stockinged knee. The teeth gleamed again, almost wickedly: "Do you call that short?" and before the man recovered from the shock a slight laugh and a head of dark hair were plunging into the breaker nearest shore, and something red and alluring flashed a moment above the water.

Taste in bathing suits at the Cape this year runs toward the old quiet blues and grays. Dark blue, set off with narrow red braid, and cut ever so little to fit the figure, is the favorite. A novelty in surf-caps is a sort of oil cloth sun shade of bright blue or red, but for attractiveness the red handkerchief, tastefully knotted into the hair, takes the palm. A new and very tasteful notion is the wearing of collars in the surf, not the white lace frills around the neck, but real stiff white collars, fastened at the throat with a little pin, or sometimes with a red rosebkrd securely pinned on. The little device sets off the costume wonderfully. The collars are made of some material that does not "wilt" in the breakers, and are as neat and cool around the throat after half an hour's tumble in the breakers, as before they were wet at all. Bare arms are sometimes indulged in, where the arm is a fine one, but sleeves are still common. Stockings, dark ones usually, and slippers, are still requisites of the Cape May costume in the surf.

A local paper yesterday mentioned that a lady, a guest at one of the hotels, wore so well-fitting a bathing suit with her red stockings that she was universally admired. To day twenty-three different ladies came to the beach by way of that hotel, and all wore cardinal stockings. The men couldn't tell which was which.

Fishing excursions are very popular with the summer visitors. A party of three ladies on one the other day came back with a story of having caught four hundred and seventeen weak-fish. The oldest and best developed fish-story teller of the native population shivered as he heard this tale, and, going out, wept quietly for half an hour.

BUDDHA'S TOOTH.

A writer in *Cassel's Family Magazine* gives the following account of the sacred tooth of Buddha, which is preserved in a temple at Kandy, India:

The "Palace of the Sacred Tooth" is a meagre erection to have such a dignified title. The building is small, has no pretensions to architecture, and is so dilapidated that the rain comes through the roof. The Wihara, or champer, in which the relic is kept, is a small room about twelve feet square. At the entrance are two sentry-box-looking constructions with glass windows. These are lamps kept perpetually lighted, the flame not having been let die out for many years. The sanctum is very splendid, the roof and walls being lined with gold brocade, and the frames of the door inlaid with carved ivory. The air is oppressive with the perfume of flowers and spices. Flowers especially are a favorite offering at Buddha's shrine, and are always present in a great profusion. On one occasion no less than 6,480,320 flowers were counted at the shrine, and it is recorded that in the fifteenth century a royal devotee sent 100,000 flowers a day for a considerable time, and each day the flowers were of a different kind. The karundua, or vessel containing the tooth, stands covered on a table of massive silver, richly chased, in the midst of a profusion of valuable articles of jewelry, which are either relics or offerings. The most beautiful in the collection is a bird with wings spread. It is formed entirely of diamonds, rubies, blue sapphires, etc., set in gold, which is hid by a profusion of gems. While we were all admiring this magnificent offering, the priests or monks removed the several folds of muslin from the karundua, and discovered a sort of dome of gilded silver, about five feet high, studded with a few gems. When this was removed another was found underneath, made of beautiful carved gold. This was festooned with jewelled chains, and literally encrusted with all the glittering gems for which Ceylon is so celebrated—sapphires and emeralds of extraordinary size, cats'-eyes (much prized), rubies amethysts and perals. Another similar covering, and still another, were taken off, when at last was reached a small case of gold, covered entirely with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, in which, resting on the leaves of a gold lotus, was the tooth itself. The Prince of Wales was about to take up the relic when he was stopped by the Dewa Nilleme (who is associated with the priests as guardian of the tooth), and informed it was too sacred to be touched by human hands.

THE RUBY AND THE DIAMOND.

It is perhaps not generally known that a large ruby is of more value than a large diamond. Mr. Streeter, who wrote a book about jewels, states that "the ruby ranks for price and beauty, above all other stones. When a perfect ruby of five carats is brought into the market a sum will be offered for it ten times the price given for a diamond of the same weight; but should it reach the weight of ten carats it is almost invaluable." With respect to the romance of precious stones, the author just quoted tells a curious story about sapphises. A native of India loaded 100 goats with these gems, and reached Simla after a ten days' journey. Arriving at Simla, he tried to dispose of them, but the value not being recognized he could not even obtain a rupee a toila for them, which he would gladly have taken, being in a state of semi-starvation. He then proceeded to Delhi, where the jewelers, knowing them to be sapphires, gave them their full value.

THE THREE HOMES.

"Where it thy home?" I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild
In garlands for her hair.

"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain side
Where soft winds wander free."

O! blessings fell on artless youth,
And all its rosy hours,
When every world is joy and truth,
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one
Who, bent with flushing face,
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wild wood's secret place;

She spoke not, but her varying cheek,
The tale might well impart;
The home of her young spirit meek
Was in a kindred heart.

Ah! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will finally cling,
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing!

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim grey,
Who came, with furrowed brow, and wan
Slow musing on his way.

He paused, and with a solemn mien
Upturned his holy eyes,
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies!"

O! blest—thrice blest! the heart must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
That walks from worldly fetters free
Its only home in Heaven!

BACK AGAIN.

The sea lashes the coast with its short and mountainous waves. Little white clouds pass very quickly across the great blue sky, swept on by the wind, like birds; and the village, in the wrinkle of the little valley sloping toward the ocean, warms itself in the sun.

At the very entrance to it stood the house of Martin Levesque, all alone by the edge of the road. A humble fisherman's dwelling it was, with walls of clay, and thatched roof plumed with iris flowers. It had a garden not bigger than a pocket handkerchief, in which some onions, cabbages, parsnips and chervil were growing. A hedge divided it from the road.

The man was always fishing, and his wife, seated by the door, was busy repairing the meshes of a great brown net, spread against the wall like an immense cobweb. A girl of fourteen, seated in a chair propped back so that she could lean against the fence, was occupied in mending underwear, already overdarned and patched. Another girl, younger by a year, held in her arms a very young child, not able to speak or gesticulate, and two urchins, whose ages might be two and four years, sitting flat upon the ground, face to face, were playing at gardening with their clumsy little hands and throwing dirt into each other's eyes,

Nobody spoke. Only the child which the young girl was trying to put to sleep cried continuously in a little sharp voice. A cat slept in the window, and at the foot of the wall extended a veritable cushion of white gillyflowers, about which buzzed a whole tribe of bees.

All of a sudden the girl sewing near the gate cried out: "Mamma!"

The mother answered: "What is it?"

"Here he is again!"

The whole family had been uneasy since early morning because of a man who had kept prowling about the house—an old man who looked like a beggar. They first saw him while they were going to the boat house to see father off. He was then sitting by the ditch, directly in front of the door. When they came back from the beach he was still there, looking at the house.

He seemed sick and very miserable. He had not budged for more than an hour; then, finding that he was being watched like a malefactor, he had risen to his feet and gone away, dragging his legs heavily as he walked.

But after awhile the girls saw him coming back, walking with the same slow and weary step, and he sat down again—this time a little further off—and kept watching them.

The mother and her girls began to feel afraid. The mother was particularly worried because she was naturally timid, and then her husband Levesque, would not return until nightfall.

Her husband's real name was Levesque, and hers Martin; and the neighbors called them the Martin-Levesque folks. This was because she had first married a sailor named Martin, who used to go to Newfoundland every year to engage in the cod fisheries.

After two years of married life she had a daughter growing up, and was shortly to become a mother again when the vessel that her husband had shipped on—the Deux-Sœurs, a Dieppe three-master—disappeared.

No news was ever heard of her; none of her crew ever returned, so it was generally believed that she had gone down with all hands.

La Martin, as folks called her, waited for her husband ten long years, raising her children with the greatest difficulty, and then, as she was known to be a good industrious woman, Levesque, a fisherman of the place and a widower with one son, asked her to marry him. She accepted his proposal, and had two more children by him within three years.

They lived with difficulty by the hardest work. Bread was dear and meat was almost an unknown luxury in their cottage. Sometimes during the winter in the stormy weather they would get heavily in debt to the baker. Still the children were wonderfully healthy. Folks used to say: "They're good people—the Levesques. La Martin—she's a great worker, and there's nobody can beat Levesque fishing."

The girl at the gate continued: "Looks as if he knew us. P'raps it's some beggar from Epreville or Ausebose."

But the mother could not be mistaken. No, no, it was nobody from that part of the country, sure!

As he remained motionless as a stake and kept his eyes persistently fixed on the habitation of the Martin-Levesque people La Martin become furious at last, and her fear giving her courage, she seized a spade and went out in front of the gate.

"What do you want there?" she screamed to the tramp.

He replied in a wheezy voice: "I'm just taking a rest in the shade. Why I ain't doing you any harm—am I?"

She went on: "What are you spying around like that before my house for?"

The man answered: "I'm doing no harm to nobody. Ain't a person allowed to sit on the edge of the public road?"

As she could not find any answer to this observation, she went into the house again.

The day passed by very slowly. About noon the man disappeared. But he passed by again about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. They did not see him during the evening.

Levesque came in about nightfall. They told him about it. He said: "Must be some sneak or villain."

And he went to bed without feeling the least anxiety, while his wife kept thinking about the prowler who had stared at her with such queer-looking eyes.

When day came round there was a big wind, and, seeing that he could not take his boat out, the sailor began to help his wife to mend the nets.

About 9 o'clock the oldest girl—a Martin—who had been sent for bread, came running with a frightened face, and cried out: "Mamma, there he is again!"

The mother almost fainted; and, pale as a ghost, she said to her husband: "Go out and talk to him, Levesque, and stop this sneaking around—it just worries me out of my senses."

And Levesque, a burly seaman, whose face was tanned to the color of brick, with a rough, red beard, blue eyes with a piercing black pupil, and a strong nick, always encircled by a woolen scarf to protect him from cold winds and chilly rains at sea, arose very quietly and walked directly to the prowler. And the two began to talk. The mother and the children watched them from the distance shuddering with anxiety.

All of a sudden the stranger rose up and followed Levesque toward the house.

La Martin shrank back terrified. Her husband said to her: "Give him a bite of bread and a glass of cider. He hasn't had anything to eat for two days."

And they both entered the cottage, followed by the mother and her children. The prowler sat down and began to eat, keeping his head down, as if to avoid being looked at,

The woman standing near him, watched him keenly, and the two tall daughters, the Martin girls leaning against the door-posts—one of them carrying the youngest child—stared at him with curious eyes; and the two little urchins, squatting among the ashes of the fire-place, stopped playing with the pot in order to contemplate the stranger.

Levesque took a chair, and sitting down, asked him: "So you come from a good ways off?"

"I have come from Cette."

"On foot—just like you are?"

"Yes, on foot. When one hasn't the means, one has to walk."

"Then where are you going to?"

"Going here."

"Know any folks here?"

"Guess so."

They stopped talking. He ate slowly, hungry as he was, and he drank a little cider after each mouthful of bread. He had a worn face—wrinkled, full of hollows—and seemed to have suffered a great deal.

Levesque roughly asked him: "What is your name?"

He replied without lifting his eyes, "My name's Martin."

A strange shiver passed through the mother. She took one long step forward, as if to get a closer view of the tramp, and remained standing in front of him, her arms hanging lifelessly by her sides, her mouth opened as if to cry out. Nobody said a word. At last Levesque resumed.

"Are you from this place?"

He answered: "I am from this place."

And as he lifted his head at last, the eyes of the woman and his own met and remained fixed, mixed together in a gaze so motionless that it seemed to be interlocked.

And then in a voice wholly changed, low and trembling she asked: "Is that you, my husband?"

He articulated slowly: "Yes; it's me."

He did not move, and continued to munch his bread.

Levesque, more surprised than moved, stammered out: "You are—Martin." The other replied simply: "Yes, it's me." And the second husband then asked: "Where on earth did did you come from?" The first replied: "From the African coast. We foundered in a shoal. Three of us were saved—Picard and Vatinel, and me. And then we were taken by the savages, who kept us twelve years. Picard's dead and Vatinel's dead. It was an English traveler passing through who saved me and took me with him to Cette. And here I am."

La Martin was crying, with her apron lifted to her face.

Levesque muttered: "What will we do now?"

"Martin asked: "It's you is her husband now?"

Levesque answered: "Yes."

They looked at each other and remained silent,

Then Martin, looking at the children standing in a ring around him, nodded his head toward the two tall girls and asked: "They are mine?"

Levesque replied: "Yes."

He did not get up; did not kiss them; only observed: "Good God! how big they have grown!"

Levesque reiterated: "What am I to do now?"

Martin equally puzzled could not tell, Finally said: "Me, I'll fix matters the way you like. I don't want to do you no wrong. Still, it's a bad fix anyhow, when one thinks about the house. I've two children; you've three; each one can have his own. The mother—is she yours or is she mine? I'll agree to anything you want; but the house—that's mine, because my father left it to me, and because she's got papers at the notary's to prove it."

La Martin was still crying—with little sobs she hid behind the blue cotton of her apron. The two tall girls had drawn near and were staring anxiously at their father.

He had finished eating and exclaimed in his turn: "What am I to do now?"

A sudden idea came to Levesque: "Go see the priest,—he'll tell."

Martin arose, and as he approached his wife she flung herself sobbing upon his breast. "My husband, it's you! Martin, my poor Martin, it's you!"

And she hugged him tightly, thrilled all suddenly by the memory of other days—by a great shock of souvenirs that recalled to her the days of her own twenty summers and her first love.

Martin himself affected kissed her white cap. The two children in the fire-place began to howl simultaneously upon hearing the mother cry, and the baby in the arms of the second Martin girl clamored in a voice as sharp as a squeaky knife.

Levesque stood there waiting, "Come," he said, "We've got to settle the matter."

Martin separated from his wife, and as he stood looking at his two daughters the mother said to them: "Can't you kiss your father?"

They approached him simultaneously, with dry eyes, much astonished and a little afraid. And he kissed them one after the other on both cheeks with a loud peasant's kiss. On seeing the stranger draw near, the baby screamed so violently that it nearly took fits.

Then the two men went out together.

As they were about to pass the Cafe de Commerce Levesque asked, "S'pose we take a drink!"

"I'm willing," declared Martin.

They entered, sat down in the still vacant bar-room, and Levesque cried: "Oh! Chicot—bring two brandies; the good stuff you know. This is Martin, who's come back—Martin you know, my wife's husband—you know, Martin of the Deux-Sooeu, who was lost."

And the barkeeper, with three glasses in one hand and a decanter in another approached—stout, sanguine, puffed up with fat, and observed very quietly: "Well, so you're back again, Martin?"

Martin answered: "I'm back again."

The Curious Palm Crab.

"They have a curious crab in the Spice islands," continued the skipper. "They call it the palm crab. The scientific name is Birgas latro. I was visiting a friend there, and one night he asked if I wouldn't like to take a look at his pigs that were being fattened for the table. I said certainly, and we went to a sort of a pen made of bamboo, and what do you suppose he had? Crabs? Yes, these palm crabs. They were Spice island pigs, and I reckon some of them weighed a matter of twelve pounds, others five and six. They were curious things, and looked like half spider and half crab. If you have ever seen a hermit crab out of its shell, try to imagine one with its tail covered with hard plates, and about five times as large as anything you ever saw. Give it great red claws, throw in a lot of short hairs, bristles and feelers, and you have the palm crab.

"When I first saw one it reminded me of these fantastic figures that hop out of boxes when you raise the lid. The palm crabs are found in various countries of the east, and always in holes at the foot of palm trees, and to give you an idea of the amount of the nuts they eat, the Malays make a regular business of collecting the husks which they find in the nests and making them into mats and various articles of domestic use. You might wonder how the crabs get at the nuts; they climb the trees and twist them off with their big claws, and if you have ever tried to do the same with your hands you will appreciate the strength of the crab. Sometimes the nut is brought down, but often dropped, the crab following it down. It then tears off the husk with its big claws, always commencing at the end at which the two holes are placed, and when they come into view it brings one of its small rear claws into play and runs it in and picks out the meat. Sometimes they break the shell by hammering it on a rock.

"This friend of mine told me some curious yarns about the crab. Once, when a lot of natives were off on a crab-hunt, one of them nearly had his ears torn off. They went for them at night, and as one of the men took hold of a limb, or branch, of a cocoanut to give it a shake, a big crab that happened to be clinging to it grabbed him by the ear and nearly lifted him off the ground, and would have torn his ear off if some one had not killed the brute with a club. They are very fine eating, and are fattened on rice and various kinds of food, and sold just as we sell chickens here, or any other game. China is a great place for native patent medicines—that is they rig up cures out of everything, from an elephant's tooth to a dragon's eye—and one of their prime cures is made out of a fossil crab that they work out and grind up into a powder. Soft shell is good enough for me."

His First Mirror.

In the raftsmen, who arrive in Chattanooga by scores, is seen the type of the East Tennessee mountaineer, with all his green characteristics, his courage, integrity, ignorance and crudeness. Saturday last, a raftsman, fresh from the mountains, was coming up Market street at a rapid rate. He wore the typical yellow jeans of his locality and carried a huge mountain staff. As he passed Flicker's jewelry house he happened to glance into the store and saw his body reflected in the large mirror in the rear of the storeroom. He had never seen a mirror before, and recognized a familiar object in the figure and supposed it was one of his friends. He glanced a second time, his features broadened into a smile of recognition, and straightening up he gazed intently at the reflection in the mirror and exclaimed: "Wait a minit, I'll be thar, Bill," and the same instant he hurried around the store to meet his supposed freind. He found no one, and looked rather perplexed. He returned to the door and looked back, and on seeing the figure again the frown left his face, and, shaking his fist at the figure, he exclaimed: "Wait for me, Bill; I'll come right away!" and ran around the corner again as quickly as he could. He searched for several minutes, and, on failing to find his friend, returned to the street, looking more perplexed than ever. He glanced furtively into the store, shook his head and continued up the street, completely nonplussed, and evidently deeply disgusted with the queer antics of his imaginary friend.

A Happy Family.

It was Sunday. Mr. Skinner was very tired, and thought he would lie down on the sofa in the back parlor and rest, People never learn by experience, and he was no exception to the common rule. He lay down, and crossed his feet with a parade hardly justifiable under the circumstances. His wife came in and saw him.

"Why, Lot Skinner!" she exclaimed, "If I ever heard of the like! Lying down on that new sofa with your boots on, and oh my goodness! your head on that lace tidy that I had done up last week. You are the most inconsiderate man I ever saw in my life."

Mr. Skinner got up, and his wife smoothed out the tidy and rearranged it.

"The idea of any body putting a head on that tidy," said Mrs. Skinner, who had no intention of using slang. "I did suppose you had more sense."

"I used to have," said Mr. Skinner, good-naturedly. "Ya-a-a-ah. I could take a nap if I could find a place to drop down. Ya-a-a-ah."

"You had better read your Bible," said Mrs. Skinner. She was a good, uncomfortable woman, so clean and neat and orderly that she made her family wretched with her domestic drill.

Something called Mrs. Skinner off then, and when she came back Mr. Skinner was gone She took a book and sat down, when a thought struck her, and she bounded from her chair as if it had been a cannon ball.

Yes, it was just as she had feared; her husband had gone up stairs, and she found him stretched out in bed on top of a white counterpane, his grizzly-gray head sunk deep into a white, starched pillow-sham, with these words embroidered in the center: "Sleep, sweet, beloved!" He was not only asleep, but snoring, with a look of sweet content on his wide-open mouth.

"L-o-t S-k-i-n-n-e-r!"

He got up in a manner that would have done credit to a gymnist, and staring at the fearful hollow in the bed and the wrinkled dent in the pillow sham.

"I declare I forgot," he said, looking very foolish. "Alice, haven't I a place where I can lay my head?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said his wife, sharply. "The idea of a sober man going to bed with his boots on."

"Would you rather I'd get——"

"I'd rather you'd get some common sense;" she said. "If you must sleep in the daytime, why, there's an old lounge down in the kitchen; no one will disturb you there. Or, I suppose"—ungraciously—"I can take off the quilt, and the shams, and let you have your nap here, though it's wicked, that's what it is, to sleep Sunday. It's a bad example to set the children, Lot, and you know it."

"But I am so sleepy," answered her husband; "my head is heavy as lead, and I cannot keep my eyes open."

"Laziness! sheer laziness!" said his wife in a sharp tone.

Mr. Skinner went down stairs and disappeared. The last words his wife heard him say were, that there was rest for the weary, but she was picking up the embroidery on the misused sham with a pin, and did not heed him. When she went down stairs he was not in sight, and she busied herself with getting dinner, which on Sunday took the place of supper, and thought no more about him.

She was a distinguished woman; distinguished in the town where she lived as being the cleanest housekeeper in it. No girl could be found neat enough to live with her; all the mottoes in her house were to the effect that cleanliness is akin to godliness. She dusted every article of furniture in the house several times every day, she scrubbed so often that the children had chronic diptheria; she scrubbed so clean that at last she scrubbed through the kitchen floor into the cellar and was nearly lost to the community.

It was a perpetual warfare between her and dirt. The front parlor was never opened to the family, and although Mr. Skinner had furnished it he had never sat down in it a moment since. Its air was that of a tomb. After it had been opened to company for an afternoon, the children went round with flannels about their throats and drank ginger tea. It was the handsomest parlor in the community, too, and had the family pictures and their marriage certificate framed and hung up there.

When dinner was ready—and it was a good dinner, too, for Mrs. Skinner was a notable cook—she asked the children where their father was. They did not know. This seemed strange; she questioned them closely, but they had not seen which way he went when he passed through the room.

"Didn't he say where he was going?" she asked, wonderingly, for Mr. Skinner never went out on Sundays without his family.

"He said he was going where he'd have more peace," said little Harry Skinner.

"Well, we won't wait dinner for him," said his wife, and they sat down to eat.

But a spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and when the dinner was over and cleared away, and they were in the sitting-room with their books, there was a sense of dreary loss, and Mrs. Skinner sat with the Bible open on her lap and wondered why he had gone out and remembered that he looked queer.

It was in consonance with her habits of living that she got up in the middle of these speculations to catch a wandering and belated fly and induce him to be annihilated.

"Strange!" she said, as it grew dark. "I'll take the children and go down to his mother's and see if he is there, and if he is, I'll just give him a piece of my mind."

But he was not there, and his mother said Lot had looked badly the last time she saw him, and she thought he seemed worried; hoped it wasn't business troubles.

No, it wasn't business troubles; Mrs. Skinner knew that, and she began to wonder if she had cleaned her husband out of his mind. It came over her with sudden force that she had been driving him from pillar to post at railroad speed and at the end of a broom or dust brush. He actually found no rest for the sole of his foot in his own house. It might have worked upon his nervous system until he had become suddenly insane. Horrible thought! He might have committed suicide.

She hurried home with the children. All was gloom. She went to his bureau to look for his razor. It was the only firearms he possessed—it was gone! Then Mrs Skinner broke down and cried, and the children cried, and it was indeed, a scene of desolation, when suddenly the door of that horrible parlor opened, and an apparition—no, it was Mr. Skinner himself—stood before them looking very sheepish.

"I overslept myself," he said, in a meek, apologetic tone, looking at the clock.

"I should say you did," answered his wife, "and the dinner is all eaten up, but I'll fix up something nice," and she went out, taking the children with her.

How much of it Mr. Skinner ever knew it is impossible to say, but there was an immediate and satisfactory change that at first amazed and then delighted him. He could lie down anywhere when he was tired, and his wife would throw a shawl over him, and leave him in peace. He has even been seen to lie down on the sofa in the parlor where he took his Rip Van Winkle sleep, and nobody disturbed him. Mrs. Skinner was at heart a woman of sense, and when she realized that one hair of that grizzly-gray head was worth more than all the pillow shams in the world to her, she put the last one away in the company of a demented assortment of superfluous tidies. And they are, really and truly, and not in any zoological sense, a "happy family" now.

Banking on Faith.

The President of one of the largest down town, New York, whose deposits amount to upwards of twenty millions, was asked if banks could not determine their position with more certainty than the Manhatten Company seemed to be able to do.

"It is impossible," said he. "Banks must repose confidence in some one, and if an employee has been with them for a long time, and they know nothing against him and much in his favor, they can not set a spy to watch his actions. I take the securities in my vaults on trust. That they originally came in I have the evidence of my books, and that they are still here I presume, for no one is allowed access to them unless he is an employe of tried probity."

"Then," said the reporter, "if your employe of tried probity should substitute packages of brown paper of the same size and appearance as the package of genuine securities that you have, when would you know of the change?"

"Not until the securities were called for use, and were opened," answered the President.

"That might not be for years?" we asked.

"Possibly not for years."

"If the package should be abstracted altogether, when would you learn of it?"

Not until our regular examinations of securities, which is done in some banks four times a year, some twice, some once, and some not all, or when the Bank Examiner visits us. Many banks learn of trouble first in the last way. You must understand it would be impossible for us to go down every night or every week in the vaults open the packages, and count what they contain. We do not have enough force to do this, and we must take some things for granted."

"What, then, is a bank examination?"

"Merely an examination of the outside of the packages, and checking them on the tally list."

"You do not then know whether of the twenty millions of securities you have in your last report one, two or three millions may not since have been abstracted, your stockholders losing that much?"

"I do not know, but I believe we still have them. Absolute security is unattainable," answered he, smilingly.

Cure for Love.

Auntie Susan Molay is a Cincinnati fortune teller whose peculiar province is dealing with love affairs.

"What do you fortune-tellers consider the best antidote to love?" inquired a reporter of her.

"Dar's a heap ob 'em. Ants' eggs will cure it, and so will de mixin' ob beetle. Three hairs taken from de 'cross' ob a donkey will act like a charm, though the donkey will be sure to die afterward Eben de sneezin' of a cat indicates good luck to a woman ef she is in love, though ef the cat washes her face over her ears, she will have trouble."

"What are the signs of love?" continued the reporter.

"If a swallow builds on de house it shows dat sum person in de buildin' is goin' to mrrry befo' fall. To meet a sow with a litter of pigs shows dat de brunette in de family are in love, jess as when you see pigs carry straws in dar moufs it shows dat it's to rain. Pigs shew a heap ob things. In dar foah feet is a hole which you kin see when de pig am dead and the hair is cut off. Sum say dat's where de devil went out, 'cordin' to the parable. De number of little rings roun' dem holes will tell yer how many times you will fall in love durin' yo' mortal life. Another sign is dat ef a white pigeon settles on de chimney it shews dat you will marry a blonde, but if you meet two magpies flyin' together she'll die befo' the marriage ceremony comes off. Ef a girl doan' wash her hands after milkin' her man will be sure to go back on her, an' ef a crow croaks an odd number of times lookout fur trouble in yoah brother's family. Ef you doan' know jes de condishun of yoah sweetheart's mind toward yer an' you ask de advice of a man ridin' on a piebald horse, you ken be sure dat de answer will be kerrect. It is unlucky for a bridegroom to keep or kill a robin. Ef a woman wears a bouquet of diamonds it is a sure sign dat she is in love, 'cause de diamond am an emblem of love and innocence, an——" but Aunt Molay's volubility was broken short by the accidental dropping of the vial containing the alcholized tarantula on the floor, and the smashing of the glass into a thousand pieces.

People would rather be insulted than be unperceived.

Sitting Bull in War Paint.

Buffalo Bill, accompanied by Sitting Bull and 15 Indians, called at the War Department recently, and paid their respects to General Sheridan and Adjt. Gen. Drum. The Indians wore their war costume. Their faces were embellished with red and yellow paint, and on their heads they wore immense single feathers. Sitting Bull's head was adorned by a number of feathers of large size. In Gen. Sheridan's room but little conversation was indulged in. Sitting Bull gave an occasional grunt when spoken to by an Indian companion. He paid but little attention to his surroundings. The other Indians were interested in pictures of Indian life that adorned the walls. They paid special attention to the buffalo scene and calling the attention of each other to it, talked and laughed.

The Indians left the room in single file and passed about 100 War Department clerks who stood in the corridors. The visit to Gen. Drum was brief—only a formal introduction taking place there Before leaving the State, War and Navy Department building the party visited the State Department library and examined the original copy of the Declaration of Independence and other relics.

The party next paid their respects to Secretary Bayard, who received them very pleasantly, and then they went to the White House. The President received the company in the library where a general handshaking took place, but there were no speeches. Sitting Bull said however, that he was delighted with his trip east, and wished he had seen all this when he was a boy. At the Interior Department Secretary Lamar and Indian Commissioner Atkins shook hands all around, and had a short conversation with the party.

Sitting Bull expected to have quite a pow wow with the Great Father, and was disgruntled by the brevity of the interview. He went out with a sullen air, and as he passed down the stairs he said:

'Ugh; no good,'

'But,' explained the interpreter, 'the Great Father is very busy and cannot find time. Hundreds of white men come and stay months, and cannot see him.'

'Huh,' grunted the old chief; 'white man one great fool.

Grindstones.

'There are two mistaken ideas about grindstones in the public mind,' said a dealer in those articles, whose place was visited by a reporter. 'One is that they are going out of use, and the other that they explode. Instead of their going out of use, just the contrary is the fact, for more are used now than ever before. Why is this? Because of improved cutting machinery that requires the aid of grindstones to keep it in perfect condition. As for their exploding, as you read about every once in a while, that's all nonsense. They do not explode. But they do break, scattering themselves about some and hurting people. But this is due to their being mounted wrongly, not to anything of an explosive nature about them.'

'Where do most of the grindstones come from?' was asked.

'From France and Germany chiefly. Some come from England and some from the western part of this country. They are found in Ohio, but not at all in the East. The Ohio stones are good for rough grinding, but the French and German ones are the best, because they can be used for finer work—for flat surface grinding and for cutlery. I send a great many of them to people in the far West, even to Nebraska and California. I also ship them to Central America, Canada, too, buys many in this city. The largest grindstone I ever sold was 54 inches in diameter and had an 8-inch face. The size most generally sold is 24 inch diameter with a three to four inch space.

'What do grindstones cost?'

'The smallest is a three-inch diameter, 2 inches thick. A single one of these costs 30 cents and $2.75 a dozen. One 10 inches in diameter, 2 inches thick, costs 90 cents. One 30 inches in diameter four inches thick, costs $3.50. One 37 inches in diameter, 7 inches thick, costs $18.50. A grindstone 48 inches in diameter, 8 inches thick, which is the largest in the regular lists, costs $40.'

Worry over Trifles.

Hundreds of women, in America are wearing themselves out, body and soul, by painful intensity of regarding trifles. They call it good housekeeping, and they even fancy themselves in some way holy martyrs to the effort to save their husband's income from waste and to make the home machinery run on smooth wheels. Very few are the husbands, however, who would not gladly purchase health and ease for their wives and peace for themselves at the price of a few almost unnoticed irregularities in the household. The burden of this unphilosophical way of looking at life cannot, however, be thrown exclusively upon the shoulders of the gentler sex. Who does not know irascible or nervous men that make their own existence and the lives of all around them miserable burdens by precisely the same sort of exaggeration—men who fume over the delinquencies of the untamable office boy, fret at the delay of even an unimportant letter, and rage over the idiosyncratic vagaries of the cook until the whole household is in mortal terror; or wear themselves into a state of nervous excitement over trifles, of which the worse that can be said is that they are annoying?

It is a good plan to make a little pair of sleeves to draw over the baby's arms when he is playing on the floor; a rubber cord may be run in the top if care is taken not to have it too tight; sleeves made of stockinet draw on and off easily.

In a paper by Dr. Varick, read before a New York medical association, the use of simple hot water as a dressing for wounds is strongly recommended. During an experience in its use of six years in cases of acute surgery, such as railroad accidents, etc., he has had no death from septicæmia or primary or secondary shock.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

Scintillating with Sarcasm and Brilliant with Truth.

New York Correspondence American Rural Home.

Chap. I. "Has Malaria;" goes to Florida.

Chap. II. "Overworked;" goes to Europe.

Chap. III. "Has Rheumatism;" goes to Ems.

Chap. IV. Has a row with his Doctor!

The above chapters, Mr. Editor, I find in a book recently published by an anonymous author. I have read a deal of sarcasm in my day but I never read anything equal to the sarcasm herein contained. I suspect the experience portrayed is a personal one; in short, the author intimates as much on page 81. Let me give you a synopsis:

"Malaria" as it states, is the cloak with which superficial physicians cover up a multitude of ill feelings which they do not understand, and do not care to investigate. It is also a cover for such diseases as they cannot cure. When they advise their patient to travel or that he has over worked and needs rest and is probably suffering from malaria, it is a confession of ignorance or of inability. The patient goes abroad. The change is a tonic and for a time he feels better. Come home. Fickle appetite, frequent headaches, severe colds, cramps, sleeplessness, irritability, tired feelings, and general unfitness for business are succeeded in due time by alarming attacks of rheumatism which flits about his body regardless of all human feelings.

It is muscular,—in his back. Articular,—in his joints. Inflammatory, my! how he fears it will fly to his heart! Now off he goes to the springs. The doctor sends him there, of course, to get well; at the same time he does not really want him to die on his hands!

That would hurt his business!

Better for a few days. Returns. After a while neuralgia transfixes him. He bloats; cannot breathe; has pneumonia; cannot walk; cannot sleep on his left side; is fretful; very nervous and irritable; is pale and flabby; has frequent chills and fevers; everything about him seems to go wrong; becomes suspicious; musters up strength and demands to know what is killing him!

"Great heaven!" he cries, "why have you kept me so long in ignorance?"

"Because," said the doctor, "I read your fate five years ago. I thought best to keep you comfortable and ignorant of the facts."

He dismisses his doctor, but too late! His fortune has all gone to fees.

But him, what becomes of him?

The other day a well known Wall Street banker said to me "it is really astonishing how general Bright's disease is becoming. Two of my personal friends are now dying of it. But it is not incurable I am certain, for my nephew was recently cured when his physicians said recovery was impossible. The case seems to me to be a wonderful one." This gentlemen formerly represented his government in a foreign country. He knows, appreciates and declares the value of that preparation because his nephew, who is a son of Danish Vice-Consul Schmidt, was pronounced incurable when the remedy, Warner's safe cure, was begun. "Yes" said his father, "I was very skeptical but since taking that remedy the boy is well."

I regret to note that ex-President Arthur is said to be a victim of this terrible disease. He ought to live but the probabilities are that since authorized remedies can not cure him, his physicians will not advise him to save his life, as so many thousands have done, by the use of Warner's safe cure which Gen. Christiansen, at Drexel, Morgan & Co.'s., told me he regarded "as a wonderful remedy."

Well, I suspect the hero of the book cured himself by the same means. The internal evidence points very strongly to this conclusion.

I cannot close my notice of this book better than by quoting his advice to his readers:

"If, my friend, you have such an experience as I have portrayed, do not put your trust in physicians to the exclusion of other remedial agencies. They have no monopoly over disease and I personally know that many of them are so very 'conscientious' that they would far prefer that their patients should go to Heaven direct from their powerless hands than that they should be saved to earth by the use of an 'unauthorized' means."

And that the author's condemnation is too true, how many thousands duped, and yet rescued, as he was, can personally testify?

The desiccated atmosphere of the National Gallery, London, has already produced the effect on the Ansidel Raphael, lately bought from the Blenheim Gallery, which there was reason to fear. Similar results, in a much exaggerated form, have become grievously apparent at South Kensington, which has been more recklessly heated, and the warnings of experts have been most disastrously justified by experience in both the galleries. It seems that before long the magnificent Raphael, which less than twelve months since at Blenheim was in a nearly perfect condition, flawless, with a trivial exception, and absolutely brilliant in its coloring and surface, must be sent below for repairs. When this masterpiece was deposited in the National Gallery it was intact. At present every plank of the panel on which it is planted has, in a greater or less degree, parted from its neighbor; a long crack, which has of late developed in a deplorable manner in the upper portion of the panel, extends from top to bottom on our left, all through the figure of St. John; another crack, over the Virgin's left shoulder, seems to be extending downwards; while yet another crack is distinct over the figure of St. Nicholas of Bari. Nor is this cracking all the mischief which has befallen this picture; a few inches above the mitre of the prelate there is rather a large blister,

A specimen of ancient dentistry, in the form of dental bridge work made by the Etruscans in the fifth century before Christ, has been discovered in an old burial place near Civita Vecchia by Dr. J. G. Van Marter, of Rome,

The temperance men are doing some good as chemists. They have learned the actual ingredients of London gin to be "alcohol, water, uralic acid, tartaric acid, acetic acid, ether, sugar, oil of juniper with a trace of oil of turpentine." It does kill millions. It would slay all who drink it were it not that the tartaric acid destroys the bad effect of the uralic acid, the acetic acid in turn overcomes the fatality of the tartaric element, the ether and sugar then arrest the tartaric acid in its work of dissolution, these then are overcome by the oil of juniper and at last the man is left to die of the oil of turpentine. Good spring water is a much better drink than gin.

Not long ago Capt. Ericsson boiled water by the sun's rays, using heat accumulators, invented by him, and the London Telegraph points out that if the sun of New York can be made to do this, the sun of Soudan can be utilized in driving the locomotives on the Berber railway, now building.

The Care of Children.

BOSTON, MASS.—A leading medical journal thinks it is about time mothers should know how seriously the health of children is imperilled by the use of preparations containing morphia and opium, and given for the cure of colds and coughs. The chemist of the Brooklyn Board of Health, Otto Grothe, Ph.D., a graduate of the University of Kiel, Germany, certifies officially that recently a harmless and yet effective article for such complaints has come to his notice. He refers to the newly discovered Red Star Cough Cure, which he found purely vegetable.

Of reptiles possessing the snake-like form we have three species indigenous to this country.

An Open Enemy

is not to be feared, but the secret foe should be carefully guarded againt. The only effective guardian against all forms of kidney and liver difficulties is HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] Remedy. "Never known to fail" is the motto inscribed on its banner.

Thrown Against a Car.

ROME, N. Y., June 9, 1883.

"Was thrown against the engine cab and my back and kidneys severely injured. My water was the color of blood. The second bottle of HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY completely cured me and I heartily recommend it."—Henry McGinnis, Engineer, N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.

Reliability is the test of real value. No matter how wonderful cures a medicine sometimes has worked if it cannot be relied on. HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY is *never known to fail* and it has been used for thirty years.

Now scatter a lot of sifted coal ashes over the roots of currants and gooseberries.

HEALTH HAS A BEAUTY OF ITS OWN. No eruptions, sores or discolorations disfigure or annoy the man or woman whose stomach, liver and bowels do their duty thoroughly. To compel them to their work, it is only necessary to take a dose of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS twice or thrice a day. This potent vegetable specific controls every disordered function.

American agriculture 20 years hence depends upon the training we now give our boys.

The Secret of Beauty.

A woman's beauty lies within
A tinted cheek or dimpled chin;
A laughing eye or luxuriant hair,
When Carboline has placed it there.

Pleasure in farming: Driving the work, instead of letting the work drive you.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Silence is confession.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Soon ripe, soon rotten.

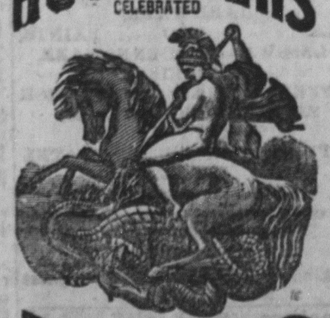
If you want a dog send 15c. for DOG BUYERS' GUIDE, 100 engravings, colored plate. Associated Fanciers, 237 S. Eighth St., Phila.

Every vice fights against virtue.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.

WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 83 Mercer St., New York.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, as a specific for indigestion, stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopœia have been exhausted, without, at least, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered, and upon this important gland the Bitters act with regular distinctness, regulating and invigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Take all in all.

—*Take* all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*,

—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,

—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and Indigestion *cures*,

—Take all the *Ague*, Fever and bilious *specifics*,

—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *revivers*,

—Take all the *Great* health restorers.

In short, take all the best qualities of all these, and the—*best*,

—*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that—*Hop*

—*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all—*concentrated* in them,

—And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or *combined*. Fail!!!!

—A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MORLEY, Buffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring.

I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."

—A WORKINGMAN.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

OPIUM HABIT. Sure cure in 10 to 20 days. Sanitarium treatment, or medicines by express, 15 years established. Books free. Dr. Marsh, Quincy, Mich.

FIVE HUNDRED VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE. Mills, Stores, Houses, Lots, Mineral and Timber Lands. J. F. WINGFIELD & KELSEY, Insurance and Real Estate Agents, Liberty, Va

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

Is used by thousands of first class Manufacturers and Mechanics on their work. Received GOLD MEDAL, London, '85. Pronounced strongest glue known. Send card of dealer who does not keep it, with five 2c stamps for SAMPLE CAN FREE. Russia Cement Co., Gloucester, Mass.

LETTER TO OVER 1600 LIES TO AN INCH

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

WORMS

In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S WORM SYRUP! INFALLIBLE

An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle. ☞FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. 21 Box, $1.00; re[illegible] 50 cts.

CIDER MACHINERY Send for our New 1885 CATALOGUE mailed FREE. Boschert & Boomer Press Co., Syracuse, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; treated by hundreds of cases. Main Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2239 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M., on Sundays

STAMPING OUTFIT. Ladies can do their stamping FOR NOTHING. Patterns cost less than if charged for stamping. Outfit consists of 35 good patterns for embroidery and painting. Set of 26 Initials, 2 inches high. Book showing nearly 2,000 designs for Fancy Work. Powder Pad and everything needed to do stamping. 1 Felt tidy with needle and silk to work it, worth 60c. Book telling how to stamp Plush, Felt, &c., teaches the Kensington Ribbon Plush and other stitches; how to do Kensington and Luster Painting, Flitter Work, &c. Price List of Embroidery Materials, Books, &c. By mail, $1.00.

T. E. PARKER, Lynn, Mass.

"CHARLEY'S about as straight a fellow as I ever saw," remarked Flanders; "never see him flirting with the girls; never enters a saloon, and never smokes on the street." "No," replied Fogg; "Charley's wife belongs to the sewing-circle."

Rupture, Breach or Hernia

permanently cured or no pay. The worst cases *guaranteed!* Pamphlet and references, two three-cent stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The human body is composed of fourteen or more of the common chemical elements.

How often is the light of the household clouded by signs of melancholy or irritability on the part of the ladies. Yet they are not to be blamed, for they are the result of ailments peculiar to that sex, which men know not of. But the cause may be removed and joy restored by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which, as a tonic and nervine for debilitated women, is certain, safe and pleasant. It is beyond all compare the great healer of women.

Vermilion is manufactured from red sulphuret of mercury, commonly known as cinnabar.

"Consumption Cure"

would be a truthful name to give to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the most efficacious medicine yet discovered for arresting the early development of pulmonary disease. But "consumption cure" would not sufficiently indicate the scope of its influence and usefulness. In all the many diseases which spring from a derangement of the liver and blood the "Discovery" is a safe and sure specific. Of all druggists.

A clock whose motive power will be the movement of a column of mercury, caused by the variable changes in the temperature, is one of the inventions of the future. It will run perpetually.

DOMESTIC.

TO WASH BLANKETS.—I have seen various directions for this work, but a few things seem essential in every case—to avoid hard water and resinous soap, to wring without twisting (i. e., with a wring) or not to wring at all, to use water of the same temperature all through or to increase in heat during the changes, not to rub the soap upon the flannel, but to mix it with the water. Flannel is of so porous a texture that it is easily cleansed in good suds without much rubbing. Hard rubbing tends to "full" the cloth, and to rinse in cold water flannel that has been warm is a sure way to shrink and harden it. From cold to warm, but never from warm to cold. I have seen the direction to rinse flannels in soapy water, but I am sure there is no value in this. The clean, warm rinsing water is sure to be soapy enough, if good suds have been used in the washing. One or two suds may be used, according to the degree to which the flannels have been soiled. When they have been rinsed two should take them, one at each end; and shake and snap them well, to make them more soft and fuzzy.

CHICKEN WITH RICE.—Truss a fowl as for boiling, putting a couple of onions inside it, lard it with bacon, and put it to braise in a stewpan, with slices of bacon, carrots, onion, sweet herbs, spice, pepper, and salt to taste; moisten with some good stock, and during the process of cooking frequently baste the breast of the fowl with the liquor. Pick and wash right clean half a pound of rice, put it into boil in plenty of salted water; when the grains begin to burst drain off the water; cover the rice with a damp cloth, and let it remain by the side of she fire till quite dry. Take equal parts of the liquor in which the fowl is braising and tomato sauce and work them into the rice with plenty of grated Parmesan cheese, until you get it to a proper consistency, then make a border with it around the dish, lay the fowl in the middle with a little of the gravy under it, hold a salamander over the breast to give the larding a nice color, and serve.

RENOVATING OIL CLOTH. Oil cloth washed in not water or in soapsuds, or with a brush, will look dingy when dry, and soon crack and peel off; but when always washed in luke-warm water with a piece of flannel, and wiped perfectly dry each time, will last longer and retain its young looks down to old age; it greatly improves its appearance to use half milk and half water. Skim milk if not sour is just as good as new milk. This makes oil cloth look as if varnished. Neither soap, hot water or brush should ever be used on it.

MACARONI cooked with tomatoes makes an excellent entree; use instead of water to cook them in, some soup stock; allow half a dozen tomatoes of medium size for half a pound of macaroni. Boil the macaroni, which you have broken in small bits, and when it is almost tender add the peeled and sliced tomatoes; season highly with pepper and salt.

CHEAP Fruit Cake may be made after this receipt, and will be found excellent: One and a half cups of brown sugar, two cups of flour, three-quarters of a cup of butter, three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a cup of fruit jam—blackberry preferred—one cup of raisins chopped fine.

ORANGE DESSERT: Cut into thin slices six pared oranges; boil together one pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one tablespoonful of cornstarch made smooth with a little cold milk; when thickened pour over the fruit; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add a teaspoonful of white sugar: pour over the custard and set it in the oven for a few minutes.

BROWN BETTY: Grease a pudding dish; put into this a layer of bread crumbs, with sugar sprinkled and small bits of butter. For three apples, use one cup of bread crumbs, one-half cup sugar, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Put a layer of bread crumbs on top; bake. It is nice either with or without cream.

VERONA CAKE.—Take two pounds and a half prepared flour; and one pint and a half cold milk, a pound of sifted sugar, a pound of currants, a quarter pound of lemon and orange peel, and a little grated nutmeg, cinnamon and allspice. Put in a round tin and bake an hour. This rich cake may be iced or ornamented.

For Chicken Croquettes use three cups of chopped chicken, one cup of soft bread crumbs, two eggs, pepper and salt to taste. Mix well together, and form into pear-shaped balls. A little chopped parsley may be added. Roll them in egg, then in cracker, and fry in lard in a wire basket, as doughnuts.

MEAD.—To twelve gallons of water, the whites of six eggs, well beaten, add twenty pounds of honey. Let this boil an hour, then add cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace and a little rosemary. When cold put a spoonful of yeast to it and stir it up; keep the vessel full as it works. When done working stop it close.

SARSAPARILLA.—Three pounds of sugar, three ounces of tartaric acid, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of flour, one ounce of essence of sarsaparilla, three quarts of water. Strain and bottle it; then let it stand ten days before using.

OATMEAL CAKES: Wet one cup of oatmeal with one cup of of sweet milk; in the morning add one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one quart of milk and flour to thicken. Bake in quick oven.

CHOPPED mutton kidneys served on soft toast, and with the yolk of an egg and lemon juice on top, make a breakfast dish fit to set before a king.

The most impressive feature of a total eclipse of the sun is the corona, the aureole of light, at other times invisible, which surrounds the hidden disc and sends out rays far into space. Dr. W. Huggins, who has succeeded in photographing the corona without the aid of an eclipse, remarks that it is variously explained as coming from a gaseous solar atmosphere, from matter ejected by the sun, from a ring of meteoric matter, from comets' tails, and from meteor streams traveling at a distance from the sun but illuminated by it. He concludes, however, that the phenomenon is a complex one, in the production of which each of the suggested causes may play some part. A very thin gaseous atmosphere probably surrounds the solar globe, but the coronal light must be reflected from solid particles in that atmosphere. The existence of one particle in a cubic mile would account for the corona.

Care for the Children

Children feel the debility of the changing seasons, even more than adults, and they become cross, peevish, and uncontrollable. The blood should be cleansed and the system invigorated by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Last Spring my two children were vaccinated. Soon after, they broke all out with running sores, so dreadful I thought I should lose them. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured them completely; and they have been healthy ever since. I do feel that Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my children to me" MRS. C. L. THOMPSON, West Warren, Mass.

Purify the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

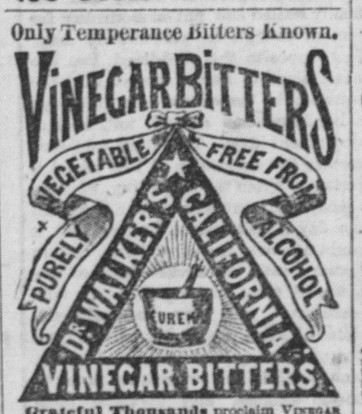
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

VINEGAR BITTERS



Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

Made from California roots and herbs, free from **Alcoholic** Stimulants. **A Purgative** and Tonic.

This Bitters cures Female Complaints, Inflammatory and Chronic **Rheumatism**, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Blood, **Liver** and **Kidney** Diseases.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Pneumonia, and Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, are cured by the use of the Bitters.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, are destroyed and removed from the system.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

In conclusion: Give the Bitters a trial. It will speak for itself. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., Proprietors, San Francisco, Cal., and 598, 600 & 602 Washington St. Cor. Charlton St., New York.

Sold by all Dealers and Druggists.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

RED STAR
TRADE RED STAR MARK
COUGH CURE

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Sole Owners and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

RIDGE'S FOOD

JOYOUS, HAPPY CHILDREN

are indeed the greatest boon of mankind. The indispensable qualification for this condition is health; and it is the claim of the manufacturers, indorsed by hundreds, that Ridge's Food is the best food for a growing child.

BAUGH'S
TRADE MARK
$25 PHOSPHATE

Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. We are selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones, at very Low Prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure these brands direct from us. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Pamphlet Gratis. BAUGH & SONS, 20 So. Del. Ave. Philada., Pa.

ASTHMA AND **CATARRH**

samples of Dr. R. W. Read's Celebrated Asthma Relief sent free to all who apply. It is also an excellent remedy for Coughs, Colds and Catarrh. 50c. and $1.00 packages sent by mail.

A. ETHRIDGE, Manufacturer and Proprietor, Rome, N. Y.

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QUICK sales, and 300 per ct. profit made by men and women with our labor-saving invention. A lady cleared $70 in one street. An agent writes: "Your plan brings money quickest of any I ever tried." Any man or woman making less than $40 per week should try our easy money-making business. We guarantee it the best paying in the land. $1 samples quick selling goods free to any lady or gent who will devote a few hours daily. Experience unnecessary; no talking. Write quick and secure your county. Address, B. Q. Merrill & Co. Chicago

PATENTS obtained for inventors. Circulars free. H. B. SNOW & CO., Patent Att'ys, Washington, D.C.

PENNYROYAL PILLS!

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH"

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always reliable. Beware of Worthless Imitations. "Chichester's English" are the best made. Indispensable TO LADIES. Inclose 4c. (stamps) for particulars, testimonials, etc., in letter and get by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2257 Madison Sq., Philada., Pa.

MORPHINE Chloral and Opium Habits EASILY CURED. BOOK FREE. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin

R. U. AWARE THAT Lorillard's Climax Plug

bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

MONEY $10 TO $20 A DAY made with outfits for manufacturing Stencils, Key Checks and Rubber Stamps. Catalogue free. S. M. SPENCER, 112 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

WITHOUT MONEY! AND **WITHOUT PRICE!**

out delay. It will be sent to any address in the world FREE OF COST! Read it carefully, study it well, and you will glean information that may prove more valuable than all the wealth of the Rothschilds—more precious than all the gems of Europe's royalty. It may save your life! Bradfield Regal'r Co., Box 28, Atlanta, Ga.

Interview Your Druggist,

As this reporter is doing, and he will tell you some curious things. For instance,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is a perfectly genuine medicine; but there are plenty of so-called Sarsaparillas in the market that have no Sarsaparilla about them except the name.

I have been in the Drug business, in Lowell, for thirty years, and sell more of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than of all other Sarsaparillas combined. Being thoroughly familiar with the analysis of this medicine, and knowing the care and skill employed in its composition, I am certain it contains nothing that could not be recommended by the most scrupulous physician. It is made of the true Honduras Sarsaparilla, and of other blood purifiers, the best known to medical science, and is a grand specific in chronic cases, such as Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, Erysipelas, Kidney Diseases, and troubles of the Stomach and Liver. Many so-called Sarsaparillas are such only in name: they do not contain a particle of the real medicinal Sarsaparilla root.—Geo. C. Osgood, M. D., Druggist, Merrimack, cor. Suffolk sts., Lowell, Mass.

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For all disorders of the Blood, use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 22, 1885.

CHOLERA IS COMING.

Every Evidence That the Fatal Disease Will be Here This Season.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 15.—The cholera scare is spreading. No cases have as yet been openly reported, but every evidence goes to show that it is coming sure. Rich families are engaging board in rural townships or making preparations to start for some fashionable watering place at the seaside at a moment's notice. In conversing with several of the leading physicians this week, all seem to agree that this is the season for cholera. One of the eminent M. D.'s said: "In 1856, when our poor citizens were dying off by the scores every day, it was a cool season, just like this one. There were no flies to speak of then, and you will observe there is a great scarcity of them this year. The city authorities are taking every precaution to guard against the fatal disease. Of course the cholera will spread worse in the filthy part of the city, as a natural consequence, but it is not believed that it has so much to do with it as many imagine. It seems to be in the air, and if a person's digestive organs are in the right condition for the disease, he will catch it anyhow. For instance, if you should overload your stomach with green stuff and early vegetables you would be in a capital state to court the cholera. Plain food and cleanliness are the best protective agencies. It is thought that the district bounded by the Hamburg and Erie canals will naturally suffer the worst. Indeed, it will not be surprising if some of the lower streets are actually depopulated." It is quietly rumored that several cases of cholera have already been quietly attended to by the medical fraternity, but that they recorded the deaths as occurring from some other cause to prevent a scare. Two of the patients were colored people and two Polocks. The disease seems to be especially fatal with this class of people. The victims were sick only a few hours, and as soon as they breathed their last they were hurried to the cemetery and laid away to rest as quick as possible, and the friends of the deceased given to understand by the owners of the property that they must keep quiet or move out immediately. This is a cruel state of affairs, and something must be done to give the poor people at least a little chance to protect their loving wives and little children from the dreaded disease. The cholera germ is no doubt quietly but surely spreading in many places in Buffalo to-day, unbeknown to the residents of perhaps the same block or tenement house.

VERY POOR ECONOMY.

Some people make a business of cheating themselves, either by eating very mean and cheap food, or else by eating too small a quantity of good food. Either way is as bad policy as it would be to buy a coffin instead of a suit of clothes, just because the coffin would cost less. Poor diet means impoverished blood; and that means misery. Brown's Iron Bitters enrich the blood, give it the iron it needs, and tones up the whole system. Cures dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, malaria, etc.

Dip one end of a sponge in water and the whole will soon be saturated. So a disease in one part of the body effects other parts. You have noticed this yourself. Kidney and liver troubles, unless checked, will induce constipation, piles, rheumatism and gravel. A timely use of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy will prevent these results. It is pleasant to the taste and may be taken freely by children and delicate females. It gives electricity, life and cheeks with roses on them. july

FOUND DEAD IN A COFFIN, WHERE HE HAD SLEPT FORTY YEARS.

Emmettsburg, Md., July 15.—Forty-two years ago David Gamble, a wealthy farmer near here, made a coffin, in which he slept every night without failure. His novel bed was chosen, he said, as a constant reminder that death is always near. His desire to impress this fact upon himself was owing to the sudden death of his wife, at the age of thirty years, by heart disease.

Just before he made the coffin they had been to a ball, and, after returning home, retired to bed. Fifteen minutes later Mr. Gamble found that his wife had died in his arms. The shock was believed by many to have unsettled his reason.

He always kept his coffin thereafter in the corner of his dining room. He would get into it every night and pull the lid up until only his face was exposed to view. One day he had a traveling photographer take a view of him as he lay in the coffin. This picture he had framed and hung over the dining hall mantel-piece.

Last night he retired to his coffin at the usual hour, but when the servant called him this morning it was found that he was dead. The body was not disturbed, and will be buried as it was found. Mr. Gamble was a charitable man and much liked.

"It fairly worries me to think of the multitude of things advertised to cure disease," you say. No wonder. But in the mountains of chaff there are grains of golden wheat. We may find it difficult to induce you to test the merits of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, but, when you have done so, our work is ended. Afterwards you and this medicine will be fast friends. Favorite Remedy would have died out long ago except for its real usefulness. But it is good and does good. july

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with asthma and bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining fifty pounds in flesh in a few months. Free trial bottles of this certain cure of all throat and lung diseases at J. Zeller & Son's drug store, Bellefonte. Large bottles, $1.

The three outlets of disease are the bowels, the skin and the kidneys. Regulate their action with the best purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters.

DOWN THE RED SEA.

To begin with the early morning, we were offered the accustomed tea and coffee, under the name of "chota hazeri"—*i. e.*, small breakfast. Next we noticed that our luncheon was transformed into "tiffin," and that as we sat in the cabin silent Hindullads squatted on the floor, pulling punkahs to keep us cool, and at the same time blowing away all our papers, till some kind sailor friends supplied us with leaden weights. Evidently we were on the highway to some strangely new state of existence. The ship's company, too, seemed to comprise samples of all the Oriental races, Chinese quartermasters, Malays, Lascars, splendid Nubian stokers, British officers. There were Hindus, Mohammedans, Confucians, Buddhists, and Christians. The Captain's servant, who waited upon us, was a Kitmutgar of the true stamp—turbaned, white robed, barefooted—a Mohammedan of course, else how could he supply us with genuine roast beef? The fruits, too, at dessert, were new—bunches of plantains, like creamy confectionery; guavas, like indifferent pears, but hateful to smell: pummeloes, like huge oranges with pink flesh, and scarlet pomegranates, duly prepared with wine and sprinkled with spices. The very rocks were altogether strange to us. Wonderful volcanic masses, like great heaps of tinder and slag round some antediluvian smelting furnace, masses of red and green and black lava cutting sharp against pale yellow earth, make these freaks of nature as strange in color as in form. One group bears the name of the Twelve Apostles. Then comes Bab-el-Mandeb—the Gate of Death—of Hell—or of Terra, as I heard it variously rendered. It was suggestive of all these as we first beheld it, standing out in purple relief against the ground of fiery sunrise, while clouds and sea were alike sombre and solemn. It received its very suggestive name from the Arabs of old on account of the dangers of its navigation. So numerous were the shipwrecks between those cruel gates that when any man started on this voyage he was held to have indeed entered the jaws of death, and his family wailed and put on mourning for him as though he were already dead. Just opposite this headland lies the small island of Perim, commanding the entrance to the straits. On it stands a lighthouse and a small fort, both of very recent date. The story told concerning the annexation of this island is curious. From the beginning of time nobody had coveted so arid a rock, till one day it occurred to France that it might prove a useful position. So in January, 1857, the French brig of war Nisus, 18 guns, was dispatched to take possession, and very naturally she halted at Aden, where her officers were invited to mess, in the course of which, wine being in and wit out, so far as to loosen tongues, they divulged their mission. No comment was made, but Brigadier Coghlan, (afterward Sir William Coghlan,) the commandant, silently wrote a few words on a slip of paper, which was at once dispatched to Lieut. Templer, comanding the Indian navy schooner Mahi, five guns. Not a moment was lost, and the Mahi immediately sped on her way to Perim, and there hoisted the British flag—to the no small amazement and disgust of the loquacious envoys on their arrival thither the following day.

THE ART OF SOUP-MAKING.

There is a constant controversy going on as to the economy, digestibility, and necessity of soup at the commencement of a dinner, some maintaining that a dinner without it cannot literally be called a dinner; others, prejudiced against "slops," discarding it from their tables altogether; while a few who would gladly, perhaps, take advantage of an opportunity to reduce the meat bills, have only the will, being ignorant of the way. The average middle-class wife and mother may have sighed over the items of ribs and sirloins of beef, and legs and shoulders of mutton, and said to herself, "Ah! we must take to having a little soup." With praiseworthy promptitude and zeal she has perchance opened her cookery-book, of the old extravagant style, and closed it sorrowfully, a saddex, if not a wiser woman, the brain all dizzy from the long strings of ingredients which she is commanded to "throw into stock pot" if she would insure success.

Now, with soup-making, as with all else, once master the theory and the practice is comparatively easy; while, on the other hand, years of practice without a perfect knowledge of the why and wherefore, will prove of no avail. Let me illustrate my meaning clearly. The would-be soup-maker, in scanning a recipe, discards it as impracticable because she lacks one or more of the ingredients mentioned, while she who grasps the *modus operandi*, owing to her theoretical knowledge, at once substitutes others, or perhaps dispenses with them altogether. No doubt, in many families, the prejudice against soup has arisen from the fact that it is usually prepared and served in large quantities, instead of, as at the tables of the rich, in small portions, though many of the kind would furnish in themselves a substantial meal for a growing child. A well-known authority has said that nothing tends more to restore the tone of the stomach, and make easier of digestion that which is to follow, than a little soup.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most effective blood purifier ever devised. It is recommended by the best physicians.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR . THE GREAT Unfailing Specific FOR Liver Disease.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth; tongue coated white or covered with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; **sour stomach; loss of appetite;** sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; flatulency and acid eructations; bowels alternately costive and lax; **headache;** loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; **debility;** low spirits; a thick, **yellow** appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS ✦ LIVER ✦ REGULATOR

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action. Being **entirely vegetable,** no particular care is required while using this medicine.

The **Regulator** acts without disturbance to the system, diet or occupation. **It regulates the Liver,** and Nature relieving herself, causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile being removed, **a tonic effect** is produced, and health is perfectly restored.

It Regulates the Bowels and Removes CONSTIPATION.

It is a CERTAIN CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

The **Regulator** contains no quinine, mineral, or anything that will injure the most delicate patient, and is given with **safety** and the **happiest results** to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which **a laxative, alterative or purgative** is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. **The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!**

☞ { THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!

See that you get the **genuine,** with the red Z on front of Wrapper, prepared only by

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TUTT'S PILLS

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, Fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Headache over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, Highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their **Tonic Action** on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25c. 44 Murray St., N.Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

A. H. V.

AYER'S Hair Vigor cures baldness. Hair Vigor restores youthful freshness and color to faded and gray hair. It attains these results by the stimulation of the hair roots and color glands. It rejuvenates the **HAIR** and cleanses it. It restores to the **HAIR** that, either by reason of age or diseases of the scalp, has become dry, harsh and brittle, a pliancy and glossy silken softness of extreme beauty. There is no dye in Ayer's Hair **VIGOR** and the good it does is by the it imparts to the follicles, and the cleanliness and healthfulness of the condition in which it maintains the scalp.

AYER'S Hair Vigor renews the hair. Hair Vigor is the best cure known for Brashy Hair, Scald Head, Itching Humors, Tetter Sores, Torpid Follicles, and all other diseases of the scalp that cause the falling of the **HAIR** and its fading. Nothing cleanses of the nuisance of dandruff so perfectly, and so effectually prevents its return, as AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. In addition to the curative and restorative virtues peculiar to Ayer's Hair **VIGOR** it is a toilet luxury. The Hair is by far the cleanliest, hair-dressing made. It causes the hair to grow thick and long, and keeps it always soft and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Contains no deleterious ingredients. Its use prevents all scalp disease, secures against the hair growing thin or gray, and surely cures all baldness that is not organic.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

RAINBOW RUPTURE RELIEF & CURE.

Simple, safe, reliable and a perfect retainer. It is **not a Truss.** Worn Day and Night and its presence forgotten. Send for circular with testimonials from grateful sufferers cured by this appliance. Address Central Medical and Surgical Institute 920 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Skillful treatment, given all kinds of surgical and medical cases. Weaknesses and diseases and private troubles in male and female our specialty. Be sure to write us before taking treatment elsewhere. Consultation free and invited.

AGENTS Make over 100 per cent. profit selling for the Family Coffee Roasting Durable, perfect in operation, and of great domestic utility. Write for circular. FAMILY COFFEE ROASTER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

ABOUT PHOSPHATES

Acidulated S. C. Phosphate Rock is not a complete manure—it is valuable for its soluble Phosphoric Acid only; and contains no Ammonia. It is often called "Soluble Bone," "Mineral Bone," "Fossil Bone," &c.

We are prepared to supply this article at the lowest possible rate, and guarantee 12 to 14 per cent. Available Phosphoric Acid.

FARMERS, DO NOT BE DECEIVED

THE TRADE MARK **TWENTY FIVE DOLLAR PHOSPHATE**

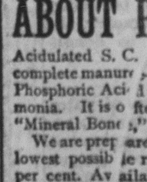
ANALYZED IN 1880

Is not South Carolina Rock. It is a true Ammoniated Animal Bone Super-Phosphate. We are the only manufacturers of it, and every bag has our name and address on, also guaranteed analysis. *None other is genuine.*

BAUGH & SONS, Philadelphia

BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE

TRADE MARK



Contains the Life and Essence of Animal Bones. It is made from Bones of Cattle, slaughtered at the Abattoir and slaughter houses of Philadelphia. We are now selling Baugh's Strictly Pure Raw Bone Meal, also Baugh's Ready Dissolved Pure Animal Bones at very low prices. It would surprise farmers to know how very low they can procure Clean brands. We supply fertilizers for all crops. Send your name and address, and we will mail you our Phosphate Guide.

BAUGH & SONS, 20 S. Del. Ave. Phila. Pa.

—TO FARMERS—

AND

Others Interested!

I AM SELLING

Rosendale Cement

at $2 per barrel and quantities lower. Receive fresh ground twice a month.

Double Harpoon Hay Forks

at $1.75. Sold last year at $5 and $6 each.

Golden Clipper Scythes,

Razor Steel, at 75 Cts. each, formerly $1.

Ropes,

Manilla, all sizes, at greatly reduced prices.

Hay Pulleys,

Iron and Wood, 25 and 50 Cents each, &c., &c, &c.

CRADLES,

Ball, Eagle, Western,—lower than were ever known, $2.75 to $3. $2.25 each for a good cradle.

Barb-Wire,

at 5½ to 6 cents a pound

Galvanized—Cactus, Buckthorn, Brinkhoff, Tablett—reduced to the lowest prices.

☞ Write and Inquire for Prices. ☜

F. G. Francisus,

17jun2m Lewistown, Pa.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. MEN ONLY.

PROF. HARRIS' Restorative Pastille

A RADICAL CURE FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, & PHYSICAL DECAY, In Young & Middle Aged Men.

TESTED FOR SEVEN YEARS BY UBE IN MANY THOUSAND CASES.

TREATMENT. One Month, $3.00. Two Months, 5.00. Three Months, 7.00.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, Dreary and numerous symptoms of these diseases, baffling the skilled physicians, result from youthful indiscretion, too free indulgence, or overwork. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies for these troubles. Get our Free Circular and Trial Package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a SURE REMEDY that HAS CURED thousands, does not interfere with attention to business, or cause pain or inconvenience in any way. Founded on scientific medical principles. By direct application to the seat of disease its influence is felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism is restored. The nourishing elements of life, which have been wasted, are given back, and the patient becomes a new person full and rapidly gains both strength and sexual vigor.

VITAL RESTORER

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists, 600 N. Tenth St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURED PERSONS Need no Truss. Ask for terms of our Appliance. WE GIVE THEM AWAY.

I WANT AGENTS TO SELL THE MISSOURI STEAM Washer

Men and Women of good character and intelligence. Exclusive Territory Guaranteed. A weeks' trial of sample Washer to be returned at my expense if not satisfactory. A thousand per cent. the best Washer in the world, and pays capable agents BIG money. Intrinsic merit makes it a phenominal success everywhere. For Illustrated circular and terms of agency address, J. WORTH, St. Louis, Mo.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Dan'l Fauber, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

17jun6t JOHN HOFFER, Adm'r.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

The Rev. Chas. E. Piper, formerly of Pittsfield, N. H., but now of Wakefield, R. I., writes: "My wife had been an invalid for years, but Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cured her." N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir always cures coughs, colds and consumption, when taken in season. Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment, for strains, bruises, cuts, swellings, old sores, etc., is excellent. july

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World," for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte, druggists. jan7y

SELWYN HALL READING, PENN.

A thorough preparatory School for Boys. Conducted upon the Military plan. Boys of any age admitted. Send for catalogue, terms, etc.

L. C. BISHOP, Head Master, Reading, Pa.

Conklin Farm and Lumber Wagons,

Platform Spring Wagons,

GROCER'S, BAKER'S

and other Delivery Wagons,

Open and Top Buggies,

MOWERS

Hay Tedders, Hay Loaders,

AND OTHER

Farm Implements

SHIPPED TO EVERY BODY'S ORDER ACCOMPANIED WITH THE CASH,

—AT VERY LOW PRICES.—

FROM THE WHOLESALE

Agricultural Implement House

OF

G. W. NICELY,

109 & 111 West 3d St.

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☞ LARGEST AND BEST ☜

Selected Stock in Western Penn'a.

All Goods Guaranteed.

☞ Every man his own Agent and no Agent's commission to pay.

Write for Catalogue and Prices.

Telephone connection. 18feb6m

TO FARMERS.

New Implement STORE AT SPRING MILLS.

The undersigned has opened a store at Spring Mills for all kinds of Agricultural Implements:

BINDERS, HARVESTERS, MOWERS, GRAIN DRILLS,

CULTIVATORS, HAY-RAKES, PLOWS, SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS,

FANNING MILLS, CORN-PLANTERS, AND CORN-DRILLS, FEED CUTTERS, FEED MILLS, AND

WAGONS, WAGONS,

also dealer in

ENGINES,

PORTABLE AND STATIONARY,

SAW-MILLS,

AND MACHINERY belonging to SAW MILLS, STEAM THRESHING RIGS, WITH ENGINES, UPRIGHT OR HORIZONTAL BOILERS, AND CLOVER HULLERS—

In fact, everything that belongs to that line of business. I will also handle

—PHOSPHATE.—

I respectfully invite all farmers or any persons wishing to purchase any of the above machinery to come and see my stock, examine prices, and be convinced that I am prepared to sell cheaper than any one in the county.

W. L. SNYDER,

11jun3m SPRING MILLS, PENN'A.

WANTED! [illegible] ON SALARIES and expenses [illegible] essential. Full instructions given and [illegible] Address, Le CLARE & HERRICK, Brighton, N. Y. One mile east of Rochester.

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY,

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C. Dreisbach,

LEWISBURG, PA.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

GENERAL HARDWARE,

Saddlery and Carriage Material,

—Blacksmith Supplies,—

Oils, Paints, Window Glass.

LARGEST STOCK IN CENTRAL PENN'A.

18feb6m

New Arrival of Goods

AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS

NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,

BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE,

OILS AND PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES.

COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

Teachers Make $70 to $150 per month selling our STANDARD BOOKS & BIBLES. Steady work for Spring and Summer. Address, J. C. McCURDY & Co., Philadelphia.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX—

PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? eaug 7.

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JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promptly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw deed and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

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DR G. W. HOSTERMAN, Dentist, Centre Hall Office at residence on Church street, opposite Lutheran Church. Will give satisfaction in all branches of his profession. Ether administered. 14may1

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. may 7 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 28june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE.

BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. ☞ Free Buss to and from all trains. ☜ Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 5jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

CAMERON HOUSE, LEWISBURG, PENN'A. STETTLER & CODER..... Proprietors SPECIAL RATES TO COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS OVER SUNDAY. Good Livery attached. Free 'Buss to and from all trains. 1apr y

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

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FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE.—The undersigned represents twelve as good Fire Insurance companies as can be found in the world, and also represents the best Life and Accident companies in existence My motto is, "I study to please." Office in Bush's block, (over Valentine & Co.'s store,) Bellefonte, Pa. 27may1yr] BOND VALENTINE.

D. Z. EVANS, JR.

EVANS BROTHERS, PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 56 N. Water Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Consignments of all kinds of Country Produce solicited. Quick Sales, Good Prices and Prompt Returns is our motto. We have excellent facilities for obtaining good prices for Butter, Eggs, Poultry, (live or dressed,) Lard, Tallow, Cheese, Potatoes, Fruit, (dried or fresh,) Corn, Oats, Hay, Live Stock; in fact, everything the farmer produces, either in car loads or small lots. Tags, stencils and price lists furnished free. ☞ We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

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Prize. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED. A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our **New Fruits and Specialties!** together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. ☞ LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference, **Hoopes, Brother & Thomas,** West Chester, Penn'a.

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

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PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

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— THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

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For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Neuralgia
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For Rheumatism
For a Lame Back
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Doctor Thomas' Eclectric Oil
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REAPER SECTIONS AND
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RAKES, FORKS,
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—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.
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ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD. CURES ULCERS, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, DEBILITY, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, SORE EYES, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, SALT RHEUM, MERCURIAL DISEASES, AND IN SHORT, IS THE BEST SPRING AND SUMMER MEDICINE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC. TRY IT, AND BE CONVINCED. IT IS A PURELY VEGETABLE PREPARATION, COMPOUNDED FROM THE FINEST ROOTS, HERBS AND LEAVES, WHICH NATURE HAS PROVIDED FOR THE ILLS OF MAN. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS; EVERYWHERE.
SELLERS' LIVER PILLS,
CURE LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION, SICK-HEADACHES, FEVER AND AGUE, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH AND LIVER. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS 25 CENTS PER BOX.
R.E. SELLERS & Co. PROP'S.
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Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
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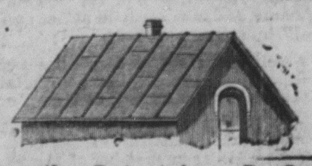
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



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IS THE ONLY
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READY FOR USE.
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Millheim Planing Mill.
Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, — DOORS,
FLOORING OF ALL KINDS,
SIDING, SHUTTERS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
23jly ISRAEL CONFER & SON

Items of Interest.

The richest man in Oregon began by buying a calfskin on credit, tanning it and selling it for $10.

In Virginia peanuts are now ground into what proves a very fair flour for making pie crust and other light pastries.

Chinese doctors induce faith in their prescriptions by making them of gigantic size. A writer in the *Fortschritt* describes one of them two feet long and calling for twenty different ingredients.

A man who had formerly been a drug clerk, accidentally broke a quinine pill he was about to take and found it to consist of two split peas. He said he was "not much surprised."

A fire engine company of Fairhaven, Mass., stopped to elect a foreman pro tem. in the street close to a burning building, before putting a stream upon the flames.

Washington is a remarkrbly religious city. Statistics show 180 churches, with 40,341 members. Of this total membership, however, about 21,000 are in the colored churches.

It is denied that "Oliver Wendall Holmes carries a large horse chestnut in his pocket as a preventive of rheumatic pains." On the contrary, "no man on top of the Boston soil is freer from superstitions and delusions than is the alert and active brained Autocrat."

A Syracuse woman boiled, scrubbed, and ironed, in the pocket of an apron, a $5 bill of the issue bearing the portrait of President Garfield, and discovered it, upon taking the apron from the drawer, in as clean and perfect condition as a new bill.

Recently in Germany a scientific journal made the statement that it would be beneficial to the eyesight to print books in dark blue ink on pale green paper. The first volume printed in this way, "The Natural History of Women of Berlin," has just made its appearance.

Young ladies in Vienna wear their initials worked in silk and gold on the front of their jackets. "Young ladies who are engaged," it is pointed out by the correspondent who sends this news, "may wear other initials than their own." Presumably it is meant that they may wear the initials of the favored suitor.

While demolishing an old chimney in Otsego county, New-York, recently, workmen found $97 in Continental money dated 1776 and 1777. The printing on the notes was perfectly legible, and in general they were in good condition. The package consisted of one $40 bill, two $20 bills, one $8, one $7, two 50c., one $½, and one $½.

A harvest was recently reaped by a peddler in Marietta, Ga., who painted the plumage of a number of birds and disposed of them like hot cakes and at very fancy prices to unsuspecting buyers. The fraud was finally discovered, however, by one of his purchasers, who dipped one of the bird's feathers in water, when its beautiful tint disappeared.

At Portland, Me., a clergyman who manages a Gospel temperance mission has organized a "Gideon's Band," which is said to introduce Wagnerian effects in the choruses sung during the services the idea on which the scheme is founded being taken from Judges, vi., 16: And he (Gideon) divided 300 men into three companies, and he put a trumpet into every man's hand, with empty pitchers and lamps within the pitchers.

The editor of a Buffalo newspaper recently asked the subscribers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. More than eight hundred answers were received, and the ten inventions receiving the most votes were: The telegraph, printing press, steam engine, cotton gin, telephone, mariner's compass, gunpowder, sewing machine, telescope, and photography. Twenty-one votes were in favor of the steamboat six for paper, two for timepieces, and only one for the ocean cable.

When the new year arrives in Japan, the people adorn their houses with branches of orange, plum, bamboo, and pine, each of which being placed over the entrance, has a symbolic meaning. The orange, called *dai-dai*, represents the idea of perpetuity, or the wish that there may be *dai-dai*—"generation on generation"—to keep up the family name. The bamboo signifies constancy as it is a wood that never changes its color; the pine-tree symbolizes perpetual joy; while the plum-tree, blossoming in cold weather, encourages man to rejoice in time of trouble and hope for better days.

In personal appearance the Cossack is not heroic. He is clumsy, with the coarse and common features of the Tartar type, and his shambling air and manner do not compensate for his want of fine proportions. But he has his courage, endurance, and fidelity. On service the Cossacks sleep in the open air, and are capital scouts, as their predatory habits, quick eyesight, and familiarity with wide tracts of country enable them to discern with great readiness the features of the ground they are travelling, to fall unexpectedly on small detachments of the enemy, and to disappear with rapidity as soon as the desired mischief has been effected.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

MARRYING ON SMALL MEANS.

Young people who really love each other see more of the sentimental then the sordid side of poverty. A man in a vague way realizes that if he chooses to marry on less than a certain income, he must be economical as to luxuries and cigars; give up, if possible, tailors' and florists' bills, and live in a very much smaller house than most of his friends; but of what discomforts and privations the smaller house will entail he has generally but little idea. He will gayly declare his perfect willingness to substitute a cheap ready money tailor for his aristocratic, long-credit Schneider, and his full acquiescence in Angy's wearing calico dresses instead of tailor-made dresses and French "confections," but will not realize that small means entail thinking of every item in the washing bill (a fact that at once puts the calico dresses out of count,) of every loaf in the baker's and every penny in the books, and that the tiny house will necessitate instant and continual acquaintance with every cooking effort of the establishment, and, worse than all that, a perpetual consciousness of his children's existence, who, if healthy, will make a playground of the whole house, laughing, shouting and generally upsetting everything (especially temper,) or if sickly, crying and fretting incessantly for want of the comforts and attention the mother and the one servant will be utterly unable to give. Grim as this picture is, it is a true one, as many with far more than a thousand dollars a year will testify. But if Edwin must count the cost, so, too, must Angelina. Her share will be no light one, though perhaps easier borne than his. She must learn to look into things in a minute and searching way that her old, easy life will make dreadful trying; darning and plain sewing will have to replace the pretty fancy work of old days; she must bear to see her children go without dozens of things she as a child deemed absolute necessities (thank God! the children will not be the worse, really,) while if she is the loving wife she should be she will be worried for her husband, and last, but not least, must make up her mind to forego most if not all, the pleasant society and variety of her girlish life. A woman need not be very worldly to regret keenly the loss of the old intellectual enjoyments she prized so highly. It is not only the gayety she misses, but the exchange of thought and the freshening and brightening of her mind by intercourse with her social and mental equals, and, unfortunately, the cleverer and brighter she is the more she will feel the want, and long (unconsciously perhaps, but none the less surely) for other than domestic thoughts and household worries, and another kind of literature than those wretched red housebooks. The result of this, it will be said, is, according to you, that no one should marry on small means. Not so, altogether. Happiness is perfectly compatible with a straightened income, only do not rush into such a state without counting the cost beforehand, not only for yourself, but for each other and your children.

A MARKET FOR OLD HATS.

A group of islands known as the Nicobars' situated about 150 miles south of the Andamans, has been but little explored, though the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these islands offer very interesting peculiarities to the notice of the ethnologists. One of the most noticeable of these, and one which seriously affects the trade of the islands, is the passion for old hats, which, without exception, prevades the whole framework of society. No one is exempt from it. Young and old, chief and subject, alike endeavor to outvie each other in the singularity of shape no less than in the number of old hats they can acquire during their lifetime. On a fine morning at the Nicobar's it is no unusual thing to see the surface of the ocean in the vicinity of the islands dotted over with canoes, in each of which the noble savage, with nothing whatever on but the conventional slip of cloth and a tall white hat with a black band, may be watched standing up and catching fish for his daily meal. Second-hand hats are most in request, new hats being looked upon with suspicion and disfavor. This curious passion is so well known that traders from Calcutta make annual excursions to the Nicobars with cargoes of old hats, which they barter for cocoanuts, the only products of these islands, a good, tall white hat, with a black band, fetching from fifty-five to sixty-five good cocoanuts. Intense excitement pervades the island while the trade is going on, and fancy prices are often asked and obtained. When the hats or cocoanuts have at length come to an end, the trader generally lands a cask or two of rum, and the whole population in their hats get drunk without intermission until the rum also comes to an end. It is curious that in those far away regions so profitable a market should be found for cast-off specimens of one symbol of civilization. The same yearning after better things in a more advanced stage may do observed in Madagascar, where no officer is content if he cannot deck himself out in the tarnished plumage of some long defunct admiral, general, or ambassador.

—For dusters, seer-sucker coats and lates style summer suits, at 30 per cent below any other store, go to the Philad. Branch.

Attention, Doctors.

Everybody knows that the life of the average physician is a hard one. He is often compelled to ride great distances through mud and rain for a merely nominal fee. It is not fit nor proper for us to condemn any physician for his work, but we do assert that his practice can be made easier, and he can effect more cures by the proper and judicious use of PERUNA. If he will only add this great remedy to his list of medicines, he will find that his usefulness will be greatly increased. Full direction for its use will be found in the "Ills of Life," and he should at once procure this valuable book.

N. J. Wright, Business Agent Evening Herald, Erie, Pa., says: "DR. HARTMAN—I can not but feel it my duty to express to you my thanks for the great benefit I received from the use of your medicines, PERUNA and MANALIN. One bottle of each placed me square on my feet, after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed, and then left me lame and crippled. Three days from the commencement of the use of your remedies the cane was dispensed with, and in a week I was perfectly well."

Mrs. Ellen Maynard, Oswego, Potter county, Pa., writes: "DR. HARTMAN, Columbus, O. The small ulcers are all healed, and the two large ones are not more than half as large as they were. I am feeling quite well. The people say your PERUNA and MANALIN are doing a miracle. I do not take nearly so much opium as I did before."

Joseph Thomas, East Brady, Pa., writes: "I have used your PERUNA and MANALIN with good results. In the year of 1880 I was so bad that I could scarcely walk. I used PERUNA and MANALIN, and am now as healthy as I have ever been. I have also recommended it to several parties, and they have been much benefited by it."

Mr. C. H. Harris, New Vienna, Ohio, writes: "Our little girl was paralyzed at thirteen months old, and we resorted to everything we could hear of for relief, but she appeared to get but little better. Hearing of PERUNA we concluded to try it, and will say it has done her a great deal of good—the first bottle apparently giving aid and relief. We have used it for nervousness in other cases on other persons and found it a success. For general debility, and in fact for any disease, we don't think anything else can at all compare with it. We have used forty or fifty bottles, and our house is never without PERUNA. Our little girl is now eight years old, and can run any place, was for four years helpless. PERUNA cured her."

Surface Indications

What a miner would very properly term "surface indications" of what is beneath, are the **Pimples, Sties, Sore Eyes, Boils,** and **Cutaneous Eruptions** with which people are annoyed in spring and early summer. The effete matter accumulated during the winter months, now makes its presence felt, through Nature's endeavors to expel it from the system. While it remains, it is a poison that festers in the blood and may develop into **Scrofula.** This condition causes derangement of the digestive and assimilatory organs, with a feeling of enervation, languor, and weariness—often lightly spoken of as "only spring fever." These are evidences that Nature is not able, unaided, to throw off the corrupt atoms which weaken the vital forces. To regain health, Nature must be aided by a thorough blood-purifying medicine; and nothing else is so effective as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

which is sufficiently powerful to expel from the system even the taint of **Hereditary Scrofula.**

The medical profession indorse AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and many attestations of the cures effected by it come from all parts of the world. It is, in the language of the Hon. Francis Jewett, ex-State Senator of Massachusetts and ex-Mayor of Lowell, "the only preparation that does real, lasting good."

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

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Simple Strong Swift & Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
HAS NO EQUAL
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30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY
J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

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Nos. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.
Your patronage respectfully solicited.
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.
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In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock
Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,
We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

STONE IN THE KIDNEY
Expelled After Using Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" Two Weeks.

One of the most remarkable cases that has ever been brought to the notice of the public is that of Mr. J. S. Beach, of Stone Ridge, Ulster county, N. Y. Mr. Beach had suffered since Oct. 18, 1874, from the presence of Calculus or Stone in the right kidney. No less than seven physicians were employed at different times, to whom Mr. Beach paid hundreds of dollars for medical treatment, with only temporary relief from his agony.

By the urgent solicitations of his friends he was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," and experienced a marked improvement from the first day he began to use the medicine. On the 15th of September he voided a stone as large as he could pass through the natural channel.

Mr. Beach concludes a long letter to Dr. Kennedy by saying, "It will always afford me pleasure to recommend the 'Favorite Remedy' to those who may be suffering from difficulties of the kidneys and bladder or any disorders arising from an impure state of the blood."

Wm. McKnew, 124 Fayette St., Baltimore, Md., says: "I believe "Favorite Remedy" is a good medicine. It is doing me more good than anything I ever tried, and I have tried almost everything, for I am a sufferer from dyspepsia." While "Favorite Remedy" is a specific in Stomach and Bladder diseases, it is equally valuable in cases of billious disorders, constipation of the bowels and all the class of ills apparently inseparable from the constitutions of women. Price, $1; six bottles, $5.

MANHOOD
HOW LOST, HOW RESTORED.
Just published, a new edition of Dr. Culverwell's Celebrated Essay on the radical cure of SPERMATORRHŒA or Seminal Weakness, Involuntary Seminal Losses, Impotency, Mental and Physical Incapacity, Impediments to Marriage, etc., also, Consumption, Epilepsy and Fits, induced by self-indulgence, or sexual extravagance. 400.
The celebrated author in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.
The book should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.
Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,
THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, N. Y., Post Office Box 450.
3may 1yr

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after July 5, 1885.

		WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon		5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo		9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie		6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 05 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25 a m
"	"	Montandou		1 30 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo		5 05 p m
"	"	Kane		9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at				5 05 p m
EAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon		5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 15 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 15 p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 15 p m
		(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40 a m
"	"	Montandou		9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 35 a m
"	arrives	Renovo		12 30 p m
		EASTWARD.		
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon		9 16 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane		3 40 a m
"	"	Renovo		10 00 a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 00 a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 15 p m
"	"	Montandou		1 17 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		3 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
WMPT ACN	leaves	Renovo		3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon		7 41 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		10 00 p m
"	"	Philadelphia		4 25 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.				
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie		2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo		10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport		1 05 a m
"	"	Montandon		2 10 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia		8 25 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.
Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P M
1 35	10 20	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 50
1 50	10 35	6 00	Lewisburg, arrive	8 55	12 55	5 35
2 15	10 35	7 25	Lewisburg, leave	8 55	12 40	4 50
2 20	10 40	7 30	Fair Grounds	8 50	12 35	4 45
2 30	10 51	7 40	Beihl	8 39	12 24	4 34
2 36	11 00	7 45	Vicksburg	8 15	12 16	4 28
3 00	11 20	8 00	Mifflinburg	8 00	12 00	4 13
3 28		8 22	Milmont	7 40		3 52
3 40		8 33	Laurelton	7 30		3 40
5 00		9 48	Coburn	6 18		2 20
5 30		10 15	Rising Spring	5 50		1 50
		10 39	Centre Hall			1 28
		10 48	Gregg			1 19
		11 00	Linden Hall			1 08
		11 10	Oak Hall			1 00
		11 20	Lemont			1 50

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.25 a m, 10 a m, and 7.30 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.05 p m and 7 50 p m.
CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

NEW ENTERPRISE AT
SPRING MILLS, PA.
PHILIP S. DALE,
AT HIS
—NEW PLAINING MILL,—
Where a general line of Plaining Mill work is done, such as
FLOORING,
Surfacing all kinds of SIDING,
and MOULDING, BRACKETS,
DOORS and SASH.
Also manufactures all kinds of Furniture.
Furniture at Wholesale.
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PENNSYLVANIA
STATE COLLEGE.
Next Term begins September 9, 1885.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:
1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
2 A Full Latin Scientific Course.
3 The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the General Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE IN AGRICULTURE.
5 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A reorganized course in MECHANIC ARTS, combining shop-work with study.
7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
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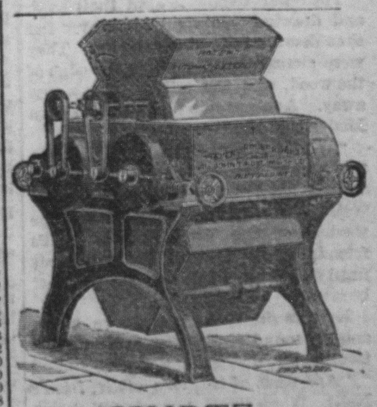

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THE STAR OF PEACE.

Gay hearts everywhere,
No cares for the morrow,
No trouble, no sorrow,
Thus gently onward flows life's stream.
The past a myth, to-day a dream.
But turn the tide at certain hours,
And blight will fall upon the flowers:
So sorrow forges chains for each,
And cares and troubles o'er will reach
The gay hearts everywhere.

Sad hearts everywhere,
A burden for each hour,
A thorn for every flower.
Thus drags the lengthened hours away,
The sleepless night, the careworn day.
But shines afar the Star of Peace,
Which speaks a home where sorrows cease;
Where all may lay their burdens down,
Who bear the cross, the promised crown
For sad hearts everywhere.

AVENGED.

The old clock in the wall rang out five melodious chimes, as Cora Smith softly closed the kitchen door, and ran into the little bedroom for her blue scarf.

"Five o'clock," she said, as the last stroke died away, "he is wondering why I don't come, and I must make haste. Madge, little Madge, are you going with me to-night? I am all ready."

Little Madge, the twelve-year-old sister, came flying through the hall.

"Auntie says you've forgotten to get the potatoes for breakfast, and we must prepare them before you go. Never mind if he does have to wait a little for you; you've waited for him many a time. Come quickly, and I will help you."

So sweet tempered Cora Smith untied the blue scarf, and tripped away to the forgotten task as merrily as her little sister, albeit her heart beat like an imprisoned bird's at the delay.

The west was all aflame with the autumn sunset ere the sisters closed the door behind them, and ran down the garden path toward the stile, where he was waiting—in other words, where hazel-eyed, sweet-faced Cora Smith's city lover was waiting for his lady-love, as she had many a night waited for him.

Almost every evening they met there at the stile—their "trysting place," he said, just half-way between her home and his boarding-house. He had proposed it, and she was nothing loth to accede—it was so pretty and romantic.

Then, Auntie Smith was not at all pleased with this dark-eyed young stranger, and, though she had not forbidden him the house, both lovers knew she preferred "his room to his company." And so, always with dear little Madge at her side, she daily tripped down the path through the leafy woods to her half-way trysting place, where she met her handsome, dark-eyed lover, Neil Rowan. How her heart fluttered to-night as she thought of him! and the warm love-light deepened and darkened the soft, brown eyes!

"Neil, Neil," she said, almost unconsciously, aloud; and little Madge clasped her sister's hand closer, and looked up in her face.

"Do you love him so very much, sister Cora?"

A swift, hot color came into the girl's cheeks, and then she pauses, suddenly holding the hands of little Madge in a fervent grasp.

"Love him! love him, Madge! better than all the world—better than my youth, my life—ay, sometimes I fear better than my hope of heaven! And I am to be his wife, little Madge, this good man's wife, when the beautiful spring comes. I shall leave you, and auntie, and uncle, to be all his. But this is our secret, little sister, and only you can share it."

Then her hands relaxed their hold, and drawing the light scarf over her shoulders she tripped silently on. They were almost there—nearing the edge of the wood, and the stile was but a step away. Another step forward, and then Madge held her sister back.

"Wait!" she whispered; "I can see two men on the seat, Cora. We do not want to meet strangers there."

"No," she said, drawing back in the shadow of the wood; "It is Neil's friend, Willis Dean. We will wait until he goes, for I do not like to meet him."

Even as she spoke the figure arose, and the sound of his voice came on the twilight air, distinct and clear.

"And what of this love affair, friend Neil? When is it to end, and how? Are you really in earnest, and do you mean to marry the girl?"

Cora Smith's hand closed upon the arm of Madge till she shrank in pain while they waited for the answer. Neil Rowan laughed softly.

"Marry her!" he repeated. "She is just the subject for a grand flirtation, and I assure you I have done the thing well. But for anything further—bah! I am going back to town to-morrow, and this is our last meeting; so be off, old fellow, for I expect her every moment."

Just for one moment Madge Smith's heart stood still in awful fear, for she thought Cora was dying. That white, ghastly face there in the twilight, that motionless figure, those tightly locked hands, it surely was not the fair, sweet maiden of a moment before. But the spasm passed, and, without a word, she arose and glided noiselessly away, and Madge followed her in silence.

Neil Rowan waited until the light had all died out of the west, and the dew lay like summer rain on the grass at his feet. His cigar was smoked down to ashes, and his lazy revery was broken by the cry of the whip-poor-will.

"She isn't coming to-night," he said mentally; "that is certain. The scheming auntie up yonder managed to prevent it this time. Oh, well, it saved a scene! I will drop a loving, farewell note, and so it ends—a summer's amusement. Ha, hum!" and Neil Rowan strolled homeward, singing, half unconsciously, "I won't have her, I know—I won't have her, I know—I don't care a straw who has her, I know."

The farewell note came to Cora Smith the following night, but the fever-bright eyes never rested on the creamy page, for, ere the insane light gave place to reason again, death sealed the white eyelids. To such natures as this girl's, love is life, and the rude blow that woke her from the one bright dream of her youth, snapped the slender cord that bound her frail spirit to earth, and out of the depths of her awful grief, the kindly hand of death led her to the mountain-top, where is builded the city of the New Jerusalem.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, so sped the time until eight years were counted. Eight times the grass had grown over the little grave in the loncly, country graveyard, and again the October winds rustled the scarlet leaves over the narrow mound.

Wonderful changes had the eight years brought. Side by side with the grave were two others, and the headstones bore the names of good aunt and uncle Smith. They had rested there six years; and every summer, beautiful Madge Smith came down from her city mansion, and lingered in the old home a week, trimming the grasses and planting bright flowers on the mounds. Bright, beautiful Madge Smith, the heiress of all Uncle Smith's hidden wealth, the wealth he guarded so well during that toil-worn, weary life.

Three years before, Madge Smith left school, to reign queen of society. Beautiful, strangely beautiful, with that cold, white, high-bred face, those wide fathomless, glittering amber eyes, a figure matchless in symmetry and grace, accomplished, polished, and the heiress of great wealth, no wonder that lovers, old and young, knelt at Madge Smith's shrine. Strange wonder, the world said, that all were scorned—not gently and with words of pity and apology, but spurned from her very feet with scornful lips and blazing eyes.

Ay, Madge Smith was an enigma and mystery to all who knew her. No warmer friend, no brighter companion did those of her own sex seek for. But never were those lips seen to smile, or those wonderful eyes to soften, in response to any lover's; no glacier was more frigid than she to all men. All, did I say? Nay, Dame Rumor had plenty of gossip just now. Only a few weeks since a new rival appeared on the scene of action. Neil Rowan, merchant and millionaire, entered the list of Madge Smith's adorers—not for her money, surely, Madame Grundy acknowledged, graciously. He had enough of his own. It was a genuine love that this *blase* man of society felt for beautiful Madge. And a wonderful change had come over the fair lady since his appearance. Bright before, she was brilliant now—sparkling, witty, bewildering; and the world looked on in amaze to see the flush stain her white cheeks, and the bright smile that lighted her eyes at his approach,

And did he not recognize her, you are wondering? Nay, how should he? Sweet Cora Smith, and the summer in the country, were forgotten things with this man. He had broken half a dozen silly hearts since then, and left them with Time, the great healer. He had flirted with society's queens and village maidens innumerable, and left the past all behind him. And now he came and laid the first pure, real love of his lifetime at this woman's feet. So he told her, one autumn night, in the grand parlor of her stately home.

How her hands trembled and her eyes shone as she listened!

"Wait," she said; "I will give you my answer to-morrow night; it is my birthnight, and I shall give an entertainment. You will come; I will answer you then. Be in the library at ten, and you shall hear my answer."

And the night came, and he was there waiting. He paced the room impatiently. Would she ever come, this girl that was dearer than his life? Ay? she was life to him. The world had seemed old, stale, flavorless, until he met her, the woman who, alone in her sex, had ever stirred the slumbering passions of his heart. How bright the future seemed! He was so sure of her answer; had not she given it all but in words?

"My beautiful, my queen!" he said, softly. And just then he heard the light ripple of a woman's laugh in the adjoining room. Her laugh; he knew it among a thousand; and her voice: she was speaking loud and clear.

"There, Guardie; you must let me go now. Mr. Rowan is waiting for me in the library. You know I am to give him his answer to-night."

And the guardian's voice, speaking tenderly, replied—

"And that answer, I can guess it, little Madge. You are going to marry this man, and leave us all."

She laughed softly.

"Marry him? No, indeed sir! He is just the subject for a grand flirtation, and I assure you I have acted my part well; but for anything further—bah! But he is expecting me, so by-by till I come again," and she tripped lightly through the half-open door, ere the amazed guardian could utter a syllable.

A white, ghastly, shivering figure stood by the library window.

"For God's sake, Madge Smith, tell me you were jesting!" he cried, as brilliantly, glowingly beautiful, she glided into the room.

"Not so, my friend," she answered, lightly; "I spoke the truth. If you overheard my words I need not repeat them. It is my answer."

"But you gave me hope; you led me on, you have given me reason to think you love me," he cried, passionately.

"It is the one love of my life! I have centered every hope and thought in you, Madge Smith, and for my sake, for God's sake do not wreck my life!"

She was very pale now, and her eyes were black and glistening.

"Neil Rowan," she said, slowly, "I have prayed for this hour for eight years, but never in my wildest dreams did I think my prayer would be so fully answered, When I saw the hue of death, the white agony on my only sister's cheek—when I saw her writhe in speechless agony at the words she heard eight years ago to-night, I vowed to avenge her, God being my helper. Again, when I heard the thud of the earth upon her coffin, I vowed that vow. God has brought it about even sooner, more complete, than I had thought. If I have given you one hour of such agony as she suffered, I am content. If you could live and suffer it for countless ages, I should be better content. Good-night?"

Two hours afterward, the sharp ring of a pistol rang with startling distinctness through the crowded drawing-room. All sprang to their feet, save Madge Smith. Perhaps her cheek paled a little—I cannot tell—but the light of her eye never changed, her smiling lips never relaxed, as she gazed upon the blood-stained corpse in the library. Neil Rowan had taken his own life, and Cora Smith was avenged.

Servants in France.

A good French servant is an extremely good specimen of her class. She is very conscientios about her work, taking a pride in doing it well, and feeling quite affronted if any extraneous assistance be offered to her except upon an occasion of unusual magnitude. We once knew a friend who had secured the services of a very adroit and accomplished waitress. The first time that she gave a dinner party, and hired a man to wait, Catherine wept bitterly; "she feared that madame had lost confidence in her," she said. It is no uncommon thing for a young cook to perfect herself in her business by placing herself for a month under the tuition of one of the chefs of the great restaurants or clubs of Paris, not only giving her services as assistant gratuitously, but paying $20 for her month's lessons. We have known a cook who lived in a family that was in the habit of ordering from a neighboring restaurant certain favorite dishes, and she never rested till she had succeeded in reproducing those delicacies, deeming the affront to her skill involved in having them made out of the house by no means counterbalanced by the saving to her of extra work.

Bank Notes.

An entirely new kind of bank note, printed in colors instead of the black and white of the Bank of England notes, is being prepared for issue by the Bank of Scotland. The promise to pay in the body of the note is surrounded on two sides by a broad ornamental band, and on the other two sides by a border in which the value of the note is printed a great number of times. On one border the seal and counter seal of King William II of Scotland are printed in brown on a yellow ground, and between them are the royal arms on a blue ground. On the upper border are the arms of the bank in brown on a yellow ground, with the date of the establishment of the bank, 1695. The chief novelty of the new note is in its colors, which will, of course, make reproduction by photography impossible, and it is believed will prevent forgery. The paper on which the new note is printed is made by the same firm as produces the Bank of England note paper.

Government Employes.

The German Government has discharged all women who were employed in its postal, telegraph and railway service as clerks and in other capacities. As during the last twenty years they nearly monopolized such service in some towns, much suffering has ensued among the discharged. The motive alleged is that women are unfit for such public service.

WHEN you have green gages, plums, peaches or apricots, canned or preserved whole, take out the stones, crack and remove the kernels, blanch these by putting into boiling water until their skins peel off, throw them into cold water; fry them in sugar and stick them over the fruit on a tart.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Deeds are fruits; words but leaves.

Calamity is man's true touch-stone.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.

Silence does not always mark wisdom.

He that sips of many arts drinks of none.

Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue.

Literature is the immortality of speech.

Whosoever elevates himself isolates himself.

A man must become wise at his own expense.

We owe a part of our happiness to our mistakes.

One's home is the best home, though never so small.

Whoever has learned to love, has learned to be silent.

Blustering assertion goes for proof half over the world.

It is easy to add to things which have once been invented.

In the world there are so few voices and so many echoes.

Great truths are generally bought, not found by chance.

Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtaxed.

He conquers a second time who controls himself in victory.

He who leaves nothing to lose, enriches himself the most.

Love is immoral, when it is rooted in virtue, as virtue herself.

Moderation is the silken string running through all virtues.

The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

There is nothing so fatal to comfort as well as decorum, as fuss.

Sooner or later a man's thoughts will come into fruitage in deeds.

No smoke in any sense, but can become flame and radiance.

He who is oldest in years has not always had the best experience.

Circumstances do not make a man half so often as a clean shirt.

Eminent stations make great men more great and little ones less.

In these days we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

We always find wit and merit in those who look at us with admiration.

People who converse at the top of their voices are not high toned.

Trout should never be base ball players. Too many go out on the fly.

When is a man obliged to keep his word? When no one will take it.

Avoid the slanderer as you would a wasp. There is poison in his tale.

The actors of our youth are away ahead of those of our middle age.

To write of heroic sacrifices, and to make them, are two different things.

Hold on to what you have rather than reach for what you cannot get.

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.

Strychnine will cure longevity, but the remedy is worse than the disease.

Whatever you are undertaking to do cannot be done in your own strength.

In order to look spruce it is not necessary that you should remain evergreen.

It is really of little consequence who we are—it matters more what we are.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

The prolonged study of any great interpreter of human life is a discipline.

The end of man is an action and not a thought, though it were the noblest.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature and of noble mind.

The only reward of virtue is virtue. The only way to have a friend is to be one.

There is no malady or sickness more severe than not to be content with one's lot.

All misery is faculty misdirected, strength that has not yet found its way.

There is no malady or sickness more severe than not to be content with one's lot.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees, as brooks make rivers, and rivers run to sea.

And though thou'rt of a different church, I will not leave thee in the lurch.

No man is so devoid of friends that he can not find one to tell him of his faults.

Acts, looks, words, steps form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

Carlyle says the first quality of genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble.

Our deeds still travel with us from afar, and what we have been makes us what we are.

If you are a stone, be a magnet, if you are a plant, be sensitive; if you are a man, be love.

Some one has said of a fine and honorable old age that it was the childhood of immortality.

To fulfil the present duty well, is the surest way to learn what God wills us to do in the future.

It is a point of principle with many people to call that nonsense which they do not understand.

Harsh counsels have no effect; they are like hammers, which are always repulsed by the anvil.

Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence, and are something to love.

It is a ruinous misjudgment, too contemptible to be acted upon, that the end of poetry is publication.

In a crowd the average individual is small, and the purpose of parties is to take advantage of this fact.

There are men in the world who might govern multitudes, if they could learn first to govern themselves.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—The building on Lower Broadway, New York, occupied by the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph offices, was burned out on the 4th. The building was a five-story brownstone structure, owned by P. Hanney's Nephews, and it is said they had a large stock of vanilla beans on the premises. The total loss is estimated at $100,000. The Burkhardt ice-houses at Sharon, Mass., were fired by lightning on the 3d, and destroyed. Several railroad freight cars were also burned. The total loss is about $25,000.

—A letter from President Cleveland was read at the Tammany celebration of the Fourth, in the course of which the President says: In order that the hopes of the people may be fully realized, every member of the party in power should yield a cordial support to all efforts on the part of the Administration to restore a pure, free and just government."

—Another heavy rain fell during the 4th and 5th throughout Eastern Kansas and Western Missouri. It is estimated that in Kansas alone 1,000,000 bushels of wheat in stacks have been ruined, besides that damaged in the fields. Corn is probably little injured, but it is "about twenty days backward, compared with the latest season for twenty years."

—The Society of the Cincinnati had their meeting and banquet at Delmonico's, in New York, on the 4th and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Hamilton Fish; Vice President, Alexander Hamilton; Secretary, John Schuyler; Treasurer, Alexander James Clinton; Assistant Treasurer, Edward Wm. Tapp; Chaplain, Rev. M. H. Hutton; Delegates to the General Society, Hamilton Fish, John Cochrane, John Schuyler, Alexander Hamilton Alexander James Clinton.

—Senor Jorge Holguin, Minister from Colombia, who is charged with a special mission, has presented his credentials to the President. Senor Holguin, in his speech to the President, said that the principal object of his mission was to convey to this Government "the especial thanks of Colombia for the generous and loyal interpretation of the existing treaties between the two countries." The President in reply expressed "the good-will this country had always borne Colombia, and it had had opportunity to put it in practical form during the recent disturbance on the Isthmus."

—A. E. Stevenson on the 6th qualified as First Assistant Postmaster General and entered upon his duties.

—The President on the 6th appointed Alexander M. Dick Postmaster at West Newton, Penna., in place of E. D. Smith, resigned.

—A despatch from Salisbury Cove, Maine says: Reports from the Georges Banks state that the fishing schooner Mary Jane Lee, of Hancock, Maine, was run into by an unknown bark and sunk; also that the schooner Lewis King, of Lamoine, lost seven men in the recent gale, and that other vessels lost dories and deck fittings.

—A dwelling near Woodbridge, Virginia, was burned early on the 4th. The infant of Mrs. Bailey was burned to death. Joseph Harrison and two of his children were so badly injured by fire and smoke that they have since died, and Mrs. Harrison's recovery is doubtful.

—Mr. Mason, the U. S. Consul at Marseilles, has informed the State Department that the cholera has reappeared in that city and Toulon, and a general exodus from Marseilles has begun. "The apparent death rate is below the average."

—Vice President Hendricks arrived in Washington on the 6th.

—Secretary Lamar has been confined to his house for several days with a severe cold.

—Lieutenant Commander Gorringe, formerly of the United States Navy, died on the 6th in New York. He had been sick for a long time and his death was not unexpected.

—The floods in the country around Parsons, Kansas, have proved very destructive to the crops and cattle, and later reports show loss of human lives. Nine bodies of drowned persons have been found and several others are missing.

—In the United States Circuit Court at Baltimore on the 7th Judge Bond affirmed the decree of the District Court awarding three colored women damages of $100 each for having been excluded from first-class sleeping apartments on the steamer Sue, after they had purchased first-class tickets. This settles the question so far as traveling on steamboats on Chesapeake Bay is concerned.

—The Postmaster General has curtailed the mail service upon the Star Route from Kelton, Utah, to Weriner, Utah, thus effecting an annual saving of $195,000.

—The Trenton, New Jersey, State Capitol Re-building Commission on the 7th decided to re-advertise for plans to be submitted by July 28th.

—The President on the 7th appointed Frederick Gerker to be Collector of Internal Revenue for the First Pennsylvania District, in place of Wm. J. Pollock, suspended.

—An extensive cave-in occurred on the 7th at one of the Baltimore mines of Delaware and Hudson Company, about one mile from Wilkesbarre, Pa. The earth has only settled about three inches, but the cracking is extending. The cave-in covers at least ten acres of land over which branch railroads of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, and Delaware and Hudson Company extend. It is impossible to run any trains at present.

—A violent hail storm passed over part of Sussex county, New Jersey, on the 5th. In a section ten miles wide and fifteen in length, grain and vegetables were destroyed and young chickens killed. Hailstones the size of hickory nuts fell to the depth of a foot.

—Charles J. Bonaparte, Jr., and C. C. Rhodes, lawyers, had a round at fisticuffs in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Court of Baltimore on the 7th. Each received a black eye before they were separated. The cause was a remark by Rhodes which Bonaparte misunderstood,

—According to rumors in Catholic Church circles in Baltimore before the end of the year Archbishop Gibbons will receive a Cardinal's hat; Rev. John S. Foley, of St. Martin's Church, will earlier be made a Bishop and assigned temporarily to the See of Savannah. After the reception of the hat by the Archbishop Father Foley will be recalled to Baltimore and be made coadjutor to the Cardinal. Rev. Edward McColgan, of St. Peter's Church, the present Vicar General, will be made a Monsignor.

—Lieutenant W. H. Schultze, United States Navy, started for Siberia on the 8th, bearing presents from the United States Government to the Russians who aided in the search for the crew of the Arctic exploring steamer Jeannette.

—The national Convention of Agriculturists met on the 8th in Washington. About 60 delegates were present from the leading agricultural colleges and experimental stations of the United States. Commissioner Colman was chosen temporary chairman, and made an address of welcome.

—The Globe Hotel in Louisiana, Missouri, was burned on the 7th. There were 35 guests, Many of them leaped from the second and third story windows to the ground clad in their night clothes. Dr. Lonegan, who jumped from the third floor, was killed almost instantly, Other guests received severe injuries. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp.

—The large clothing firm of Oehm & Bro., of Baltimore, employed detectives to put a stop to small thefts which had occurred frequently. Wm. D. Ream, head salesman, on the 8th, sold some goods to the detective, who was disguised as a countryman, and failed to return the full amount. The marked money was found in his possession.

—Four homing pigeons from Brooklyn, New York, were released on the 8th at New Orleans. They set out on a journey of 1150 miles from New Orleans to Brooklyn.

—The President of the Cleveland Driving Park Association said on the 8th: "I expect to see Maud S. trot in 2.08 at our summer meeting."

—President Cleveland has offered the Liberian mission to Rev. Dr. G. W. Bryant, Pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. Bryant has not yet accepted.

—The Republican State Convention met on the 8th in Harrisburg. James S. Biery, of Lehigh, was chosen permanent Chairman. M. S. Quay was nominated for State Treasurer on the first ballot, he receiving 196½ votes out of 251 cast.

—The Georgia Legislature met on the 8th in Atlanta,

—The State Teachers' Association, in session at Harrisburg, Pa., adjourned on the 9th. The following officers were elected: President, J. R. Stewart; Vice Presidents, Miss Mary L. Dunn and Prof. A. T. Palm; Enrolling Committee, T. McNutt, G. W. Weiss, J. H. Werner, J. W. Benar, J. O. Knauss; Executive Committee, R. T. Haffaker, L. O. Foose, R. M. McNeal, L. B. Landis and J. S. Geist.

—A cave-in occurred on the 9th during the making of an excavation on Gaynor's division of the Pottsville and Mahanoy Railroad, in Pottsville. Jos. Becker, of Yorkville, boss of the gang, and four Italian laborers were buried under fifty tons of earth. Becker and one Italian were instantly killed, another Italian had a leg broken and the remaining two were badly cut and bruised.

—The Secretary of War has ordered Lieutenant-General Sheridan to concentrate troops for service in case of Indian disturbances in the West. General Schofield has telegraphed to the War Department: "Latest report indicates that no Indians have been in Kansas yet and no citizens killed, but a number, perhaps one hundred young Cheyennes, have left the Agency, it is believed, to conceal their arms on account of recent untimely threats to disarm them. The present disposition of troops will, I hope, prevent serious trouble if the Indians are let alone.

—The President on the 9th appointed William K. Meade to be U. S. Marshal for Arizona, and Joseph L. Morgan, of South Carolina, to be Secretary of Legation in Mexico.

—Judge Lambert Tree recently appointed Minister to Belgium, qualified at the Department of State in Washington on the 5th.

—Mrs Bayard, wife of the Secretary of State, is dangerously ill at her home in Wilmington, Delaware.

—Adjutant General Drum has been informed of the death of Captain Nathaniel Prime, retired, at New York city. Captain Prime fought through the entire rebellion.

—Ezra Miller a member of the Senate of New Jersey, and inventor of a well-known car buffer and coupler, died on the 9th at his home near Hackensack. He was 73 years of age.

—A despatch from Columbus, Ohio, says the Garfield Statue Commission on the 9th accepted the report of the committee which examined the statue at Washington, and accepted the same. Governor Hoadly will present the statue to Congress by letter, and it will be unveiled immediately without formality.

—Violent and destructive storms of wind, rain and lightning, passed over Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois and Dakota on the 8th and 9th. Telegrams from a number of points indicate great destruction of crops, damage to building, railroads, telegraphs and bridges, and also a loss of stock and human life by lightning.

—English hansom cabs have been introduced into St. Louis, and are expected to revolutionize the transit business of that city.

ARBUTUS.

If spring has maids of honor—
And why should not the spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thought of some such thing?

If spring has maids of honor,
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer
The spring would seek in vain.

For sweet and subtle fragrance,
For pink, and pink and white,
For utmost grace and motion,
Of vines and vines' delight.

For joy of love and lovers,
For joy of young and old,
No blossom like arbutus
In all that Spring times hold.

The noble maids of honor,
Who earthly queens obey,
And courtly service render,
By weary night and day.

Among their royal duties,
Bouquets of blossoms bring
Each evening to the banquet,
And hand them to the king.

If the spring has maids of honor,
And a king that is not seen,
His choicest springtime favor
Is arbutus from his queen.

POOR SNOWDROP,

"Never did I know anything so ridiculous in my life!" exclaimed Mrs. Spence, angrily. "The idea of asking a little chit like Nella to a ball because Lord Wilton happened to meet her in a train."

"Nella was eighteen last Monday, so I suppose she is old enough," said Elizabeth, the eldest daughter; "but I really think she must have behaved very improperly, or Lord Wilton never would have spoken to her."

"Of course she must, but as the countess makes such a point of it, I am afraid we must let her go."

"I can tell you what, mamma, will be the best plan," and Clara looked up eagerly. "Dress her as if she were a child in the school-room, and then nobody will notice her at all. A few yards of white tulle over a muslin skirt won't cost very much, and it needn't have any trimming, except a little on the body."

This was agreed to, and soon after luncheon Mrs Spence and her daughters started for Canterbury, to inspect the two ball dresses which had been ordered long ago from the best dressmaker, and to purchase the simple materials for the one that was to be made at home.

Eleanor Lestrange was an orphan niece, who had been received into the household much against the will of her two cousins. She had two hundred a year of her own, and a lovely face, so she might be considered a dangerous rival by the girls. But there was no thought of rivalry in her gentle breast as she strolled down the shrubbery and across the paddock into the cool woods of Wilton Hall. Her eyes were full of tears, for her cousins had been very rude to her about that little episode in the train a month ago, when Lord Wilton, the eldest son of the Earl and countess of Canterbury, had come to her assistance, and saved her from the impertinence of a fellow traveler.

She sat down at the foot of a gnarled oak, from which there was a lovely view through the branches of the trees, and resting her head on her hand, fell into the saddest thoughts possible for youth. No one wanted her in her new home. Mrs. Spence did not understand her; the girls were jealous of her. Even a proper dress for the countess's ball had been denied her, and she would go to it looking like a country dowdy.

Oh, if her own idolized father, Col. Lestrange, were only alive, or she lay at rest at his side in the quiet churchyard at Beverly!

"Miss Lestrange!" The soft, rich voice startled her from her melancholy dreams, and she looked up to see Lord Wilton standing before her with his fishing rod in his hand. "How glad I am I came this way!" throwing down his encumbrance and seating himself on the grass at her feet, "Do you know that I have done nothing but think of you from morning till night," looking up into her fair face with his bold, blue eyes.

"Then you have waisted your time shockingly," trying to appear at her ease.

"Don't you deserve it more than the dogs or horses?"

"No, I'm not half so useful."

"Nor half so nice," I presume. But what is the matter? You've been crying?"

"It was nothing," growing crimson, "only—"

"Only what?" creeping up closer to her side. "Have they been bullying you?" a fierce light in his eyes, as if he would have liked to bully them.

"No."

"What then?" They are not going to prevent you from coming to our dance?"

"No, I'm coming; but—" her lips trembling.

"But what?" his eyes looking straight into hers and compelling her to answer.

"I am going to have such a horrible dress."

"Come in the one you've got on," looking down at her pink cambric, and you'll cut out all the rest. Mind, the first dance is for me."

"I shall look such a fright that I shall hide in a corner," her heart fluttering at something in his eyes.

"Then I shall come and drag you out. But what's the matter with the dress? It isn't green, is it?"

"No, white; but oh, so terribly simple! Just like a child's."

"And so much the better," with a look of relief. "You will look like a sweet little snowdrop among them all.

He bent over her, and clasping her hand in his, raised it to his tawny mustache. She snatched it from him, and sprang to her feet like a startled fawn, a vivid crimson dying her cheeks with a sudden glow.

"Nella?" he cried, jumping up as quickly as his long legs would let him; but she was gone, and only a distant flutter of pink could be seen through the trees.

"Here's a basket for you Eleanor," said her aunt coming out of the drawing room with a flushed face, as she went down stairs. "It has just been brought over from Wilton by one of Lord Canterbury's grooms. I am sure there's some mistake about it, but you must open it, as it is addressed to you."

With eager fingers Nella undid the fastenings, raised the lid, and removed layers of cotton wool and silver paper. Then a cry of delight burst from her lips. An exquisite bouquet of white flowers lay inside, with a lovely wreath, to be pinned on the shoulder and hang down to the skirt. Lord Wilton's card, "with his compliments," was pinned on to the first.

"Oh, aunt, isn't it beautiful?" exclaimed Nella, ecstatically, but Mrs, Spence walked out of the room with a thunder-cloud on her brow.

At dinner it seemed as if a storm was brewing, but Nella had great difficulty in keeping still, for her innocent young heart was brimming over with joy. He had thought of her among all his fine friends, and remembered her simple dress without trimming.

"Eleanor, I want to speak to you," said her aunt sharply, as dessert was over; "come into the drawing-room."

Nella followed in a fright. Mrs. Spence had not been particularly kind to her, but she could not be so wicked as to prevent her going to the ball. Her heart nearly stopped beating at the thought.

"I have been thinking the matter over," said Mrs. Spence gravely, as she seated herself on the sofa, that it will be better for you not to wear those flowers to-night."

"No; we consider that you must have behaved in a forward and unladylike manner to induce Lord Wilton to take such a liberty as to send them! We do not blame him, but we blame you, because, of course, a man will always do that sort of thing if a girl encourages him."

"I never encouraged him," stamping her foot.

"Yes, my dear Eleanor, you did. He has known Elizabeth and Clara ever since he was a boy, but he has never taken such a liberty with them. Now don't cry, you will spoil your appearance."

"I don't care, I wont go to the ball at all."

"Nonsense, child, you must. Go up stairs to your room and compose yourself, and I'll send out into the garden for a rose."

Nella went up stairs, but there her obedience ended, for she threw herself on her bed and burst into a passion of tears. There she was still when Clara knocked at her door and asked if she might have the bouquet, as it would go so well with her dress.

"Good gracious, Nell, the carriage will be round in half an hour," she cried in dismay, as she went out of the room with the flowers in her hand.

As soon as she was gone, Nella got up and bathed her eyes with eau-de-Cologne, arranged her sunny hair with the utmost care, and scrambled into her dress with the housemaid's help. Then she tossed aside the red rose which her aunt had sent her, and detaching a lovely white bud and spray of lilies from the wreath, pinned them on her shoulder,

Mrs, Spence noticed the change when she came down stairs, but thought it best to make no remark, lest another burst of tears might be the consequence.

The two sisters looked gorgeous, but nothing could make them look pretty; while Nella, in her simple dress cut them out completely.

Her heart beat very fast as they were marshaled through the spacious hall into the brilliantly lighted room where Lady Canterbury was standing to receive her guests.

The countess gave her a pleasant smile and a hearty shake of the hand, then Nellie slipped behind her cousins, casting a shy glance around. She had never been in such a splendid scene before, and the flash of jewels on every side seemed to dazzle her.

Mr. Uppleton, a tall curate, came up and talked to Elizabeth. Mr, Medway, a young barrister, asked Clara after her brother, but no one noticed Nella.

Presently there was a movement in the throng, and a pair of broad shoulders crowned by a handsome face, came in sight. As Lord Wilton shook hands with the Spences, the band struck up Buccalossi's lovely waltz, '*Mon Amour*,' and, with a certain bright smile, he bowed low to a certain little form in the background, and said with a smile:

"This is our dance, Miss Lestrange,"

The curate started; Mr. Midway put up his eye-glass, while the sisters grew pale with jealousy.

"Where are my flowers?" said Lord Wilton, as he led his partner into the ball-room.

"Here!" looking down at her shoulder.

"Only those! But where are the rest? Why did you give them away?"

"I didn't."

"Do you mean to say they took them?" the fierce fire returning to his eyes. She did not answer, but her lip trembled.

"Never mind," he said, more gently, "they can't take you from me.'

Then he put his arm around her waist and they floated together around the room, the lights reflected in countless mirrors, the sweetest music in their ears and a delicious happiness stealing from heart to heart. To Nella it was like a delightful dream, from which she would be sure to wake in another minute.

When the happy dance was over, Lord Wilton introduced her to his cousin, the Duke of Portsmouth, a very grand young man with a diamond solitaire as big as a sixpence.

Toward the end of the evening, Clara came up to her mother and asked her if she wouldnt tell Eleanor that it was time to go home.

"Certainly, my dear. But do you know where she is?"

"With Lord Wilton again," lowering her voice. Isn't it atrocious?"

Mrs. Spence shook her head and sighed.

'You cried before you came to-night,' said Lord Wilton, softly, as they sat together under the drooping branches of a yellow rose in the conservatory. "Don't deny it, I saw it in your eyes. Was it because they took away my flowers?"

"Partly," her lashes drooping on her blushing cheeks.

"Why did they take them?"

"Aunt said I oughtn't to have allowed you to send them," her bosom heaving as she thought of her wrongs.

"But I never asked you."

"No; but—she thought—I—" hesitating and crimson. "She didn't blame you."

"I see, she thought you had been flirting," his eyes twinkling. "Did you tell her that it didn't matter one brass farthing if you had?"

"No."

"Nella; do you love me?" No answer. "Do you know that I can't get along without my little snowdrop. Do you know that I shall shoot myself if you won't be my little wife? Nella, look at me!"

One shy fluttering glance, when the fluttering heart seemed to shine out of the g owing eyes, and then her head dropped on his shoulder and his mustache swept her cheek.

"Eleanor!"

The roses were swept aside by a hasty hand, and Clara Spence stood transfixed by the sight before her. Instead of being in the least abashed, Lord Wilton raised his head with a sunny smile.

"Ah, Miss Spence, you have just come in time. Let me introduce you to my future wife!"

Coffins of Many Colors.

While riding with a friend through a town in Lincoln county, Maine, not long ago we came upon a small shop curiously decorated with waves of paint of different colors. The front looked as though the occupant of the shop, whenever he wished to test a newly mixed color, dipped his brush in it and then wiped the brush on the outside of the building. In this way or some other he had produced a crude rainbow, the hues dissolving into each other where one brushful of paint had encroached upon the margin of its predecessor.

"That is an undertaker's shop," said my friend, "and those are the colors in which he paints his coffins. He splashes those samples on the outside of the building in order that he may see how they look himself, and also that the friends of the departed may pick out the color they want."

"What?"

"Yes. Nearly all the people in this little town who have died during the past ten years have been buried in colored coffins. Light blue is the favorite tint here for children and orange the prevailing shade for old people. You see this is one of the most retired villages in the State, and he is the only undertaker anywhere near here. The people have got used to his notions, and now they rather like the painted coffins. One old fellow got disgusted and took a solemn oath that this undertaker should never make a coffin for him. So he drove to Augusta while he was yet in this land of the living and had himself measured for a nice coffin. The coffin was made and he carted it home. He tried his best to induce his wife to have her coffin made, too. She said it was ridiculous—the idea of having your coffin made before you were dead!—and plumply refused to be measured. This made the old man so mad that he threatened to sue for a divorce, and he and the old lady had many a jar after that, although they had previously lived in peace and content. The old man put his coffin in the barn, and used it to keep his yellow-eyed beans in. In the course of time he died and was prepared for the grave. The yellow-eyed beans were turned out of the coffin and an endeavor was made to put the old gentleman into it. They found that his body after all was so large that it could not be squeezed into the coffin. They had to patronize that undertaker in spite of the enmity existing between him and the late lamented. They tried to get him to swap one of his coffins for the old gentleman's Augusta purchase, but this the undertaker positively refused to do, and insisted on being paid cash down for the coffin.

Daniel Webster.

Here is a new anecdote of Daniel Webster, as told by the late Col. Munford, who was at one time secretary of the Virginia commonwealth, and it has never been published.

Col. Munford was in his office at the State House one day when a distinguished-looking man, accompanied by a young lady, came in, and asked if they could see the legislative chambers. Col. Munford at once recognized, from portraits that he had seen, the face of Webster, and wishing to see as much of the great stetesman as possible, offered to accompany him through the State House. The young lady seemed to be a relative of Webster, and was very bright and piquant in her conversation, There was a constant fire of clever repartee between the two, and when the party reached the Senate chamber the young lady, turning to him, exclaimed:

"Now, everybody says you are a great man, and can make a speech without any preparation. I want you to prove it." As she said this she moved to the rostrum and took possession of the president's chair.

"The House will please come to order. The gentleman from Massachusetts has the floor."

"Webster," said Colonel Munford, relating the incident, "took, as if by instinct, the most favorable position in the room, so that his voice could best be heard, and for ten or fifteen minutes he spoke with an eloquence that I have never heard equaled. He referred to Virginia's present, and, alluding especially to her distinguished sons, he pointed out their portraits that hung on the walls, and described their traits in the most beautiful language imaginable." Col. Munford frequently told his friends that it was the best speech he ever listened to.

The man who saves five cents by walking gives ten to the shoemaker.

A curious physiological effect produced by the action of turning eggs during the incubation has been noted by M. Dareste. From experiments made with artificial incubators, he has found that eggs not turned two or three times a day all invariably perish. He explains the effect of this act on the embryo, and accounts for the action of the sitting bird on purely physiological grounds.

Druggist's Mistakes.

"Are druggists' mistakes of frequent occurrence?" a physician was asked by a reporter.

"No; they are not nearly so frequent as one not in the profession would suppose."

"Are there no means by which they could be made preventable?"

"I don't know what could be done more than has been. You see, it is human to err. Take the most careful man in existence, I care not what business he is in, and he will slip up some time. How often do men who are thoroughly conversant with their trade or profession make mistakes? A man gets proficient in his business, and this very proficiency makes him ofttimes go about it mechanically, and the first thing he knows he makes a mistake. If it is a small one or is detected in time to prevent serious injury or loss the man grits his teeth, gives himself a mental kicking, and is more careful for awhile, but soon he is back in the old mechanical rut."

"What means do druggists employ to prevent these errors?"

"Every first-class drug store is arranged like clock work. The different poisons are either placed in separate compartments, put in a peculiar style of bottle, or the bottles which contain them have an odd label, something which will attract the eye of the clerk the moment he uses it. Then, again, the clerk who puts up an order for a medicine of that character is under special instructions to register it in a book kept for the purpose. What other means can be gotten up to prevent a mistake creeping in I don't know."

"Do not many errors arise from the miserable chirography of physicians?"

"No, for the simple reason that if a druggist can't make out what a physician means he will quietly send word to the writer of the prescription for instructions, telling the customer it will take twenty or thirty minutes to put it up."

"As a rule, what is the general character of physicians' handwriting?"

"My brethren in the profession will bear me out in saying that it is the most miserable that can be imagined. Such scrawls as are sometimes sent out would tax the ingenuity of an expert to decipher. Many a solemn conclave have I witnessed in drug stores over the prescriptions written by one of the most eminent physicians of this city. He will start a word all right, but if it is over four letters long the conclusion will run off into unintelligible hen tracks; and it is true of many others. Bad writing is as much of a characteristic of physicians as the proverbial slowness of tailors and shoemakers."

Lafayette in America.

France has shown its good will to the United States on several occasions, the Bartholdi statue being but a trifling episode thereof; but it is a curious fact of some interest, and not generally known—a fact I have only lately and accidentally come across myself—that Americans in Paris, especially several New Yorkers in Paris many years ago, showed their appreciation of France's friendship by getting up in short metre a subscription fund, which, and which alone, enabled General Lafayette to pay his celebrated second visit to this country and this city, where he was received with such honors.

In brief, General Lafayette was so poor in his old age that if it hadn't been for the generosity of New Yorkers he wouldn't have been able to visit America at all. This is contrary to the generally received idea that the old man was well fixed, which idea owes its origin to the fact that the old Frenchman owned some lands in Louisiana. This is true, but it is also true that these lands had only a prospective and not a real and present value. They proved of some advantage to Lafayette's heirs, but were almost worthless to him, or cost fully as much to hold as they were worth.

When he was liberated from his long political imprisonment at Olmutz, he hadn't a dollar in the world, and owned nothing but a good record and those Louisiana lands. On the strength of his good record, his friend Baring, the banker, lent him about $25,000, to be repaid at his convenience. A few years later Lafayette had spent the money, but offered to pay it by transferring some of the Louisiana land to his benefactor. Baring being a business man accepted the offer, but being also a friend of Lafayette, he took these lands at a fancy price, taking them at about eleven dollars an acre, or about three times what they were then worth, or anybody would have given.

Lafayette at once accepted Baring's proposition, and wiped out the amount of his pecuniary obligation to Baring by transferring to him less than one fourth of the land. It can't be that Lafayette was aware of what a purely friendly and generous spirit had actuated Baring in this transaction, or he wouldn't have taken the advantage of it he did. For pretty soon an Englishman named Coghill met Lafayette in Paris and opened negotiations to buy some of his remaining Louisiana lands. Lafayette immediately told him what Baring had paid for his share of the lands, and proposed to let Coghill have what land he wanted on precisely the same terms. Coghill, not knowing of Baring's special friendship, thought, of course, that he was perfectly safe in paying for lands exactly what such a smart business man as Baring had paid for them, and accordingly at once made out his check for a large sum of money on that basis.

Lafayette got the check cashed and spent the money, and then Coghill found out that he had paid Lafayette just three times too much for the Louisiana lands. Then there was a circus. Coghill fumed and wrote to Lafayette, and fumed and wrote to Baring. And then Baring was obliged to explain to both Coghill and Lafayette how he had received the Louisiana lands merely as a friendly transaction. This explanation showed that Baring hadn't been fooled, but it didn't help Coghill much, and Lafayette could not return the money, because he had already spent it. But the Coghill affair worried the old General a good deal, and he tried to make it up by offering Coghill more land.

But Coghill didn't want any more of the land at any price. Then Lafayette tried to get the balance of the money due in honor to Coghill from Baring, by selling Baring some more of the lands. But Baring by this time had got enough of the lands himself, and shut down. Finally Lafayette tied up the lands by making them over to his heirs, they are not to be sold till a certain time, when they would probably be worth something to somebody.

Well, Lafayette was thus high and dry financially when the United States Congress sent him an invitation to come over to America. The gratitude and honor pleased Lafayette immensely. He was crazy to accept the invitation and come over, but he had no ready money to take with him and besides the old fellow was heavily in debt in Paris and he was bound in honor to pay his debts before he left. Here was rather an odd fix. A great nation was waiting to welcome a great man, who wanted greatly to be welcomed, but the great man couldn't get over to the great nation for the lack of a small sum of money. At this junctur of his affairs, Lafayette sent for an adopted citizen of the United States, named Vincent Nolte, a New Yorker then in Paris, a particular friend of his, and laid the case before him.

The two had several talks together, and the more they talked the less practical result seemed likely to result from the talking. Finally Nolte made up his mind there was only one thing to do, he also made up his mind that he wouldn't say a word about it to Lafayette till it was done. He must get up a subscription fund for Lafayette among the New Yorkers and other Americans then in Paris, and he did so. James Brown, Jacob Gerhard Knock, J. F. Girod, and other New Yorkers in Paris took hold of Nolte's idea vigorously, and quite a sum of money was raised in less than a week, which was handed over to Lafayette, who received it as but an additional token of the esteem in which he was held by Americans, and looked upon it as but one more of the numerous ties that bound him to the great American public. Lafayette, before leaving France, invited the gentlemen who had subscribed to the fund for him to his house, where he treated them finely, and introduced them to two English ladie to whom he had taken a great friendship, Fanny Wright and her sister, who did the honors.

Then, two weeks later, Lafayette, his son and his secretary sailed from Havre in the Cadmus to New York.

Sergeant Mollie Pitcher.

The bas relief for the monument celebrating the famous battle of Monmouth has been cast in Justice Powers' foundry. The most noted of the four reliefs is that of Sergeant Molly Pitcher. She was the wife of a cannonier in Gen. Wagner's command. When the American forces retreated from Fort Clinton and the enemy was scaling the ramparts her husband dropped his match and fled. Molly caught it up, fired the piece, and also fled.

At the battle of Monmouth, on July 28, 1778, she brought water to her husband and his companions from a spring near by. A shot killed her husband, and the officer in charge having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Mollie heard the order as she was coming from the spring, dropped her bucket, seized the rammer and worked the cannon till the fight ended.

On the following morning, General Green presented her, still covered with dirt and blood, to Washington, who at once gave her a commission as Sergeant. She was placed for life upon the list of half pay officers, and soon after the battle left the army. She died near Fort Montgomery, on the Hudson. The venerable widow of General Hamilton, Lossing adds, 'told me she had often seen Captain Molly. She was a stout, red-haired, freckle-faced young Irish woman, with a handsome, piercing eye. The French officers, charmed by her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines, with her cocked hat, and get it almost filled with crowns.' Molly was 25 at the time of the battle. A painting by Colonel Custis, Washington's stepson, gives a spirited representation of the scene.

The relief represents Sergeant Molly Pitcher as a beautiful young woman. She stands barefooted and bareheaded in front of a cannon, ramming a charge home. Her dead husband lies at her feet. The ponderous wheels of the gun, with old-fashioned iron bands holding the joints of the felloes, are well brought out. A bare-headed gunner stands close by, ball in hand. Opposite another gunner thumbs the vent, holding the flint-lock in his hand. The sponge bucket stands in place. An enemy's ball ploughs the grassy field. A battery flag sticks in the sod, with the old Freehold meeting house in the background. Artillery-men approach beneath its steeple. In the foreground General Knox rides away, flourishing his sword.

Ladies' Club.

A ladies' club, patterned upon the Union, is soon to be organized in New York city. Its membership will be composed of the most prominent women in society of the metropolis. The names of Mrs. Rivers, Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor and Mrs. Adrian Iselin have already been suggested for president, and the Misses Hewett and Miss Maybury will almost certainly be among the governesses. It goes without saying that no men are to be admitted to the club; either as members or visitors. The servants are all to be women, and the stewardess will be a person of long experience as a housekeeper. As might be expected, many of the husbands of present and prospective members do not favor the new club. Several who do not happen to be club members in particular frown severely upon it, and say they do not see why their wives should join a club when their husbands have not done so. One bright woman is said to have given as her excuse for not joining: "I have married a husband and therefore I can not come."

Parade Day in Mexico.

The celebration of the anniversary of the repulse of the French, at the storming of Puebla in 1872, by Gen. Lorences, occurred not long ago. Two reviews took place, one on the plain of San Lazaro, outside of the city, and another in the city. At the shooting school there was a sort of tribune erected on the roof, from which the president's wife, the ministers' families, etc., had a good look at the review. As it occupied little over an hour, many who went a long distance to see it were disappointed and the booths for refreshments made a scanty harvest.

In each review marched about 15,000 men. The uniforms are simple, of dark blue cloth, relieved in the line regiments with gilt buttons and scarlet stripes on sleeves and trousers. A cloth "kepi" is covered with white cotton stuff, from which hangs a "navelock" of the same when in "fatigue dress." The police also wear the "havelock." The cavalry have silver buttons and galloon, and black braided jackets are added for the artillery. Their appearance was good, and many of the regiments marched well.

The corps of cadets made a brilliant show, and they do credit to the military school of Chapultepec. But the most brilliant of all were the "rurales," the policemen of the rural districts, as their name indicates. It is a treat to the eyes to see them galloping along in their high and richly embroidered Mexican saddles, on their fiery horses. The jacket and breeches are of buff leather, and the hat a wide-brimmed light felt "sombrero," with silver braid on rim and silver cord and tassels; the boots are also of buff leather, like the saddle and stirrups; a crimson sash is worn around the waist and the long crimson scrape hang in tight and narrow folds behind on each side of the saddle. The officers hats and jackets are the same, but covered with embroidery of solid silver. Their black eyes, ruddy, dark complexions and jetty beards form a striking contrast to this picturesque and brilliant dress. Their rifles hang at the right side, and in all respects the display was a fine one.

Knocking out Burglars.

"Any of your detectives got on to that new mob of burglars yet?" he asked, as he entered the office of the Chief of Police of Detroit.

"Well, no arrests have yet been made."

"And there won't be. The chaps have got enough, I reckon, and if they haven't left town by this time I'm a sinner."

"What do you know about burglars?"

"See that?" he queried, as he held out a hand with every knuckle skinned. "I don't wait for burglars to come up and burgle me; I try to get in the first blow. Last night I took a little walk around and met a burglar."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I asked his name and business, and he told me to go to Sheol. With that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him get up and fly! In less'n half an hour I met another."

"How did you identify him?"

"I took him by the collar and told him that his jig was up, and his confusion gave him away. With that I popped him, and you ought to have seen him take the grass! The third one I met at about 11 o'clock."

"What! Another?"

"You bet! He was walking along as softly as you please, and I dodges in on him and says I:

"Spotted, old fellow, and you're my meat!"

"He yells for the police, but I'm up to all these dodges. With that I popped him, and I left him crawling around on the grass. Say, I want to be a detective."

He was told that the matter would be considered; and within the next hour three eminent citizens, having an eminent black eye, called at the office and each story began with

"As I was about to enter my gate last night a desperate scoundrel rushed upon me and dealt me a stunning blow."

Mexican Feather Work.

While in Mexico I tried hard to find out how they made the lovely birds on cards which they offered for sale on the streets. A freind took me to the house of one of these artists. It was a little hovel, where he sat on the mud floor and toiled. But when he heard us coming he put away all his work and would not let us see it. He was an Indian, with brown skin and black, straight hair. He wore ragged clothes and had an old blanket to keep him warm at night. Poor as he was, no money would tempt him to show us the secret process he had learned from his father, which had been kept in the family for hundreds of years. Great skill is required to produce a perfect picture. First, the Indian traces on the card the outlines of the body of the bird in wax, just enough for the feathers to stick to. Then he begins at the lower part and places them on, one at a time, one row lapping over the other as a slater lays slates. He works very slowly and patiently. Perhaps this is the secret of his perfect work, and the reason that no other people have been able to equal him. The result is a bird that looks as though it might sing or fly. The eyes are made with small glass beads, and the bill and feet are painted so nicely that they appear to be part of the bird. Then he paints a twig or branch for it to rest on, or makes one from a feather, and his work is done.

Do that which is assigned you and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.

It is a difficult point to decide when to leave off helping one who cannot help himself.

Don't forget to give all young animals a daily supply of oats as the mother's milk begins to fail. Remember also to increase the rations during next Winter.

A New York man went into a crowded car, and asked if he could have the seat which was then occupied by a hat, whose owner was sitting in the next seat. The man sagrily grasping his hat, answered: "Yes, take it, if you are a hog." "I am so near one that I guess I will take it," said the other.

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

CENTRE HALL, PA., JULY 22, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

Garmans.

BUSH'S ARCADE, *Bellefonte, Pa.*, 1885.

Tremendous bargains for the next month as our stock must be reduced:

Beautiful styles in Plaid and Check neckwear or men at 25 cents.
All the nobby styles in hats.
Hosiery and handkerchiefs in many styles.
Beautiful Fans and Parasols.
Satins, Plush and Felt for fancy work.
Lace Curtains (30 styles) from $1 to $5 a pair.
Portiere from $5 to $15.
Curtain Poles from 40 cents to $1 a pair.
Children's Lace Caps.
Ornaments for Fancy Work were 9c, now 6.
Yard wide unbleached muslin, 7c quality now 5.

DRESS GOODS.

40 inch Coupure Cloth was 42c, now 35c.
36 inch Colored Cashmere was 33c, now 27c.
Lot of Plaid and Brocade Goods were 10c, now 8c.
A great many pieces of Dress Ginghams were 12½c, now 10.
Brocade Velvets were 80c, now far below cost at 48c.
Plaids were 37½c, now 28.
Albatross was 22c, now 15c—Light Pink, Blue and Cream.
White, Pink and Blue Embroidered Dress Patterns below cost.
Table Linen at a bargain.
A large size 24 inch Handkerchief for Farmers at 6 cents.
Call Early and Examine the above Goods.

D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——The oats looks well, but the yield will not be over ordinary.

——The Lemont station building is nearly ready for business

——The streams are low and water mills feel the scarcity of water.

——See the notice of the Lutheran corner-stone laying at Centre Hall.

——Wolf's tenant house, on Church street, will soon be ready for an occupant.

——Daniel Karman has his large new house at Oak Hall completed, and started a store.

——The Centre Hall depot is found to be entirely too small for the amount of business done here.

——The corn crop looks promising thus far. Very few fields are met with that do not show well.

——Miss Hilibish, who has been visiting friends in this place, left for Lock Haven on Tuesday last.

——On the 13th of August the Evangelical camp meeting will commence in Gephart's woods, near Millheim.

——The Y. M. C. A., of Bellefonte, contemplate a picnic excursion to Wolf's woods, adjoining this town, in a short time.

——Harvest is over and the crop in this county is not an average one, but farmers tell us the wheat is excellent in the grain.

——Spigelmyer's store, at Millheim, sells the Oriental flour, the latest improved roller process. Try it and have good bread.

——The foundation of the Lutheran chuch at this place will soon be completed. It is a good wall, and displays first-class workmanship.

— A little trouble about station ground at Lemont threatened to make a flag station at that place, but the trouble has, however, been adjusted.

——Mr. Deininger has put a large force of men at work on his building near the station, and intends to have it finished as soon as possible.

——The apple crop will be a partial failure. Some orchards have fruit, while in others it will be scant. Apples were not plenty in this county the two last seasons.

——New Berlin is having a new roller mill in course of erection, by a Mr. Good. The celebrated Stevens' roller will be used the same as in the Centre Hall roller mill.

——The Lock Haven Mission Society contemplates a big excursion shortly to Spring Mills, with the cave for its objective point. This excursion will be open to all who wish to join it along the line.

——Everbody can see that Centre Hall is improving rapidly in every direction. The next step in her progress should be to organize a fire company, and, after that, incorporate the town into a borough.

——Desirable building lots are to be had on Hoffer street, which has been surveyed, and will be one of the finest streets in town. It runs north and south between Church street and the railroad. Lots are offered at fair prices. For further information inquire of John Hoffer, Bellefonte.

——The Centre Hall roller mill has an addition to its improved machinery, which many other mills have not added. This is a bran roller. The bran, after running its course, appears on scales, something like small fish scales; after this process it is put through the bran rolls and chopped fine like old style bran, and which seems to be preferred by people using bran. When customers desire the bran in scales they can get it in that shape.

——It won't be many days until the stage coach between Centre Hall and Bellefonte will be among the things of the past—the opening of the railroad will do away with the coach. Years ago this was one of the liveliest stage routes in Central Pennsylvania, when coaches between Bellefonte and Lewistown were drawn by four horses, and with opposition coaches, passengers could ride between these two points for twenty-five cents. This was in the days of Bob Cummings, Mike Buoy and Woddy Graham. Now the Lewistown pike knows the stage coach no more, and the road is lonesome. The iron horse has come, and there is a revolution in the mode of travel—we go quicker, cheaper, and with more comfort. The landlord along the pike feels the change at the table and bar, but sees less change in his till. Even the ever-ready hostler sees his occupation disappearing, and pipes for watering horses are no more as plenty as rain drops.

——On Monday last the large hose belonging to the water company was attached to a fire plug in front of the REPORTER office, and, to the surprise of all that were present, it was seen that there was sufficient pressure to throw a large stream of water over most any building in town. Centre Hall, with its abundant supply of water and strong pressure, should keep pace with some of her neighboring towns which are not as well supplied with water, and organize a fire company. The water company has put in fire plugs throughout the town, and has about one hundred feet of 2½ inch rubber hose which are to be used only in case of fire. The fire plugs and hose were never kept in a condition to be of any service in case of a fire, the nozzle and connections being lost or mislaid, and most of the time the water company never knew where the hose was stored. Under such circumstances hose, fire plugs and water pressure are of little or no consequence in case of a fire. The water company as well as the citizens of the town, no doubt, would like to see a different state of affairs and better protection against fire. With two or three hundred more feet of hose, ladders, axes, etc., our properties would be better protected than in the past. If the proper course were pursued in regard to this matter, and if an organization of the young men of the town were effected, the water company would willingly give their hose and fixtures into their care, and the citizens of the town and the property owners would not hesitate to subscribe a small sum to purchase the needed articles to equip a fire company.

——Last Thursday Prof. Bartol and family, of Lewisburg, paid our town a short visit. For quite a number of years he has been Professor of Mathematics in the University at that place, and is one of the able men of the Faculty. A number of years ago Prof. Bartol taught the grammar school in this place.

——Long's new hotel at the cave is in the hands of the plasterers. It will hardly be opened to the public this season.

——Messrs. Isaac Harpster and James Gregg, two young men of this place, have joined Company B, Fifth regiment, National Guard of Pennsylvania, at Bellefonte, and expect to attend the brigade encampment at Conneaut Lake this week.

——We are requested to announce that there will be preaching in the Tusseyville church, by Rev. Fischer, next Sunday, at 3 p. m., instead of 2 o'clock.

——Should our readers know of any good men wanting permanent employment, we would refer them to the card of Charles W. Stuart & Co., of the Newark, (N. Y.) Nurseries, who wish to engage good reliable men to act as salesmen. They are extensive growers of nursery stock at Newark, Wayne county, N. Y., having some two hundred and fifty acres under cultivation.

— Another dwelling house was raised at the station last week. It is to be occupied, when finished, by Mr. Wagner, the miller. Before long a number of dwellings will be erected near by.

——Many of our farmers are using self-binders to harvest their grain.

——At Selinsgrove, on Friday, a miner had his eyes blown out by the explosion of a blast. At Pleasant Mills, a village seven miles from Selinsgrove, a man named Wenrich crawled under a wheat shock during a thunder storm; the shock was struck by lightning and the man instantly killed.

— The *Journal* announces that a harvest home picnic will be held in Dr. P. T. Musser's grove, 1½ miles west of Millheim, on Saturday, August 1st. Four cornet bands have been invited to furnish music during the day and evening. Good speakers will deliver appropriate addresses in the forenoon.

——Coburn folks became excited last week over a party that engaged in seine fishing in Kerstetter's dam, in daylight.

——Last Friday night the railroad office at this place was entered by the breaking of one of the large window glasses in the ticket office. The thief or thieves found fourteen cents in the drawer, which they took; then, it seems, they entered the freight room to search for valuable packages of goods, of which they found none. The next morning Mr. Kinter, the agent, found a full box of ladies' silk gloves in the freight room, which the thieves no doubt had stolen from some store, and in their retreat forgot to take them along. The railroad company loses a window glass and fourteen cents in cash, but has five or six dollars in gloves to make up, unless the owner or owners of the gloves comes to claim them.

——Watermelons have been in the market for several weeks; none have been seen about this section of country.

——Railroad officials in a dining room car reached this place last Friday noon via Bellefonte. The object was to view the road and determine upon the division to which it shall belong, and how trains shall be run. The road from Bellefonte to Spring Mills has been linked to the Tyrone division, and will be under Superintendent S. S. Blair. From Spring Mills to Montandon will be under Mr. E. B. Westfall, of the Philadelphia and Erie division. It was thought a passenger train from Montanton to Spring Mills would be put on, and thence to Bellefonte as a mixed train, and that an effort would be made to accommodate the local travel from this valley to and from Bellefonte.

——Our venerable friend, Samuel Hess, of Ferguson township, now eighty-six years old, is still well preserved, and was able last week to walk into the harvest field on his farm and look on while the grain was being cut. Hope he may live to see several more harvests.

——If blossoms indicate a good yield chestnuts will be plenty this year.

——The Bellefonte papers state that a few mornings since, before the sun had peeped over the eastern horizon, Major William F. Reynolds awoke in his bed, and, to his surprise, observed a man bending over his bed and looking at him. The fellow evidently wanted to act as cashier for the cash he expected on hand in the major's room; but to have a pair of eyes open on him thus unexpectedly was not as pleasing as the glare of the major's gold would have been, had any been there. The fellow vamoosed at once—the major in close pursuit, who, of course, didn't stop to dress first, as that would'nt have been his style of doing business. But the chap reached the hole left by the carpenter, ahead of his pursuer, and got out first, with the advantage of having his pantaloons on, which put him in better shape to pursue his journey than the one behind him. The thief escaped.

——Mrs. Thomas F. Reynolds died at her home in Bellefonte on Saturday evening last, and Mr. Reynolds' only son, who had been in California for his health, and was summoned home to the death bed of his mother, reached his home only in time to be recognized by her. His trip home, however, was too great a strain upon his enfeebled frame, and the young man died after being home four days, and, sad to relate, to be followed so soon by his mother. This is a sad bereavement, and Mr. Reynolds and his daughter have the deepest sympathy of all in their incalculable distress.

——The railroad is still in a jangle as to the superintendency, hence no definite plans can be given as to how it is to be run. The latest we have from reliable sources is that, beginning to-day (Wednesday,) an early morning train will go through to Bellefonte to connect with the 5:50 train west, and that a night train will leave for this valley after the nine o'clock train arrives at Bellefonte from the west, and that day trains will be run in addition on some schedule.

——Mr. D. W. A. Belford, of Milton, spent the last two weeks with William Sandoe, of this place. Mr. Belford is connected with a large tailoring establishment in Milton, and has the reputation of being one of the best cutters in the state.

——A lot of men are at work on the new telephone line from Centre Hall to Spring Mills. Poles are up and ready for the wires a distance of two miles beyond the Old Fort.

——The cattle guards put up by the railroad company between Spring Mills and Lemont, are about as good as no guards at all—cattle walk right over them without hesitation. The company owe it to the people along the line to see that guards are put up which will be cattle guards. It is no small matter for our farmers to have their crops damaged for want of proper cattle guards.

——Harvest is over in this county, and although the crop is not up to the average, yet what is is good; and there is no more than enough to keep the community from starving, and the band can keep playing.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER. It keeps you posted in all the events worth knowing, and aids and encourages every substantial improvement in the county. No county paper has a bettter record in this regard than the REPORTER.

——Lemont is looking forward to be an important station on our railroad. The village is pleasantly located on the rise at the west end of the mountain, and has some neat and cozy residences and three or four stores. The trade that will centre in from Pine Grove and the surrounding country, and from the State College section, will have a tendency to add to the growth of the place. The location is high and healthy, and affords a fine view of the valley for miles around. It is on the summit between Centre Hall and Bellefonte.

——Reduction in prices on dry goods, groceries, clothing, etc., to suit the times. Call and see them at J. D. Long & Son's, Spring Mills.

— Monday last our townsman, Mr. John Rishel, brought some fine specimens of Martin Amber wheat to our office. It was raised on his farm in the Loop.

——Stover's marble yard, at Bellefonte, still adds evidences to former work of the superiority of monuments and tombstones turned out by that establishment, and many of which are planted in the cemeteries of our valley. The prices are so reasonable that it pays to give Stover's marble works your orders.

——The State Camp of the Sons of Veterans will be held in Bellefonte today, the 22nd. The first exercises will be a bean soup and hard-tack supper in the evening. A large part of the time will be consumed with business meetings, and the only special excursion that has been arranged is one to the top of Nittany mountain.

——Mingle's, in the Brokerhoff House block, Bellefonte, is where the best bargains can be had in boots and shoes. The assortment is the best in the county, and goods kept to suit all classes. Every article sold at Mingle's shoe store is warranted, or the money refunded.

——The people of Centre Hall enjoy a little excitement now and then, but they are certainly becoming very tired of a certain set of boys who come to town every Saturday evening and endeavor to create a sensation by marching about town cursing and swearing, exhibiting their muscle by fighting little boys, shooting off a lot of sluggers' slang, and trying to paint the town red before they leave.

——Rev. James Arney, of the Presbyterian church, filled the pulpit of our Reformed brethren last Sabbath, instead of Rev. Land. Mr. Arney's sermons always show the ripe theologian, and leave an impression for good upon his hearers. Mr. Arney is here on a visit to his father, Jacob Arney, who has been in frail health for sometime. He is accompanied by his wife.

——Merchant tailoring in all its branches done at the Philad. Branch. A tailor of long experience superintends all work, and utmost satisfaction guaranteed. tf.

——The American nation has a double birthright—liberty and land. Its liberty it has guarded jealously, but until very recent years it seems to have been indifferent to the loss of its landed estate and ignorant of the methods by which it has been diminished. A veteran legislator, the Hon. George W. Julian, who has given special attention to the acts disposing of our public lands, tells the story in brief in a contribution to the *North American Review* for August. In the same number five medical authorities discuss the question, "Can Cholera be Averted?" Felix L. Oswald contributes a suggestive article on "The Animal Soul;" and the Rev. M. J. Savage, in "A Profane View of the Sanctum," brings an indictment against the daily press. The other articles are one on "The Price of Gas," by Charles H. Botsford; one on "Temperance Reform Statistics," by Prof. W. J. Beecher, and the chapter of "Comments," by various writers, on articles in previous numbers.

——The next session of the Mifflinburg Music School will open August 10. Instruction given on vocal culture, harmony, piano, organ, violin and guitar. Miss Kate L. Shriner is principal. 8jl3t

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer never fails in restoring gray hair to its youthful color, lustre and vitality. Dr. A. A. Hayes, state assayer of Massachusetts, endorses it, and all who give it a fair trial unite in grateful testimony to its many virtues.

COBURN LETTER.

COBURN, July 21.—On Saturday morning John Rote, an employe at Andy Vonada's planing mill, reached over the rip saw table to take a board from the planer; not thinking that the saw was running, he laid his hand on the back of it. If the saw had caught his hand in front it would have cut all his fingers off, but luck favored him, having his thumb and fingers pretty badly torn.

Last evening as Ed. Cantner, an employe at A. M. Greninger & Bro.'s saw mill, was going home on a mule with a can of oil, he concluded to ride lady fashion. His muleship didn't fancy it and shied, throwing Ed. to the ground. It was thought that the mule had kicked him and broken his shoulder blade, but the doctor examined it and said that it was badly bruised. Later in the evening he was brought home, and this morning he is able to be out, but says he had a pretty hard shaking up. Ed. I suppose this was your first lesson on mules, and you still have a chance to learn.

The farmers are about all done harvesting.

There was quite an excitement here one day last week, owing to a party fishing. Can't say how the thing is going to end.

This seems to be headquarters for huckleberries. Yesterday Trumpfheller & Vonada got in some seventy quarts at six cents per quart.

It was rumored that the Evangelical Association was going to have its camp meeting here, but they changed their mind and are going to have it on the old ground at Millheim. O. K.

CORNER-STONE LAYING.

The corner-stone of the new Lutheran church at Centre Hall will be laid on Sunday next, the 26th, at 10½ o'clock a. m. There will also be services on Saturday evening previous at 7½ o'clock, and on Sunday night at the same hour. Neighboring ministers and the public generally are invited to be present. Sermons will be preached by ministers from abroad.

REV. W. E. FISCHER.

PUZZLE.

The first person sending us the correct solution to the following, will receive the REPORTER two months, free:

B e D

The answer will appear in our next issue.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the liver, biliousness, jaundice, constipation, weak kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or whoever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly. Every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. Zeller & Son, Bellefonte.

MISTAKEN CONSUMPTIVES.

In the treatment of lung and bronchial diseases the liver is often implicated to such an extent that a hepatic remedy becomes necessary in effecting a cure of the lungs. In the treatment of such cases I prescribe Simmons' Liver Regulator with entire satisfation. I. L. STEPHENSON, M. D., Owensboro, Ky.

A DISTRESSING CALAMITY.

Father and Mother Witness the Burning of Their Home, With Six of Their Children.

Pittsburg, July 17.—Last night about eleven o'clock the residence of John M. Evans, a small two-story log hut, three miles from Grahamton, Clearfield county, was destroyed by fire, and six of his children, ranging in age from six to fifteen years, were cremated. Evans was awakened by a strange noise, and, under the impression that burglars were about, took his gun and went outside to investigate. To his horror he discovered his humble dwelling in flames. He quickly gave the alarm, but before he could reach his children, who were sleeping on the second floor, the roof fell in, and in a few minutes the building was ablaze. His wife and three young children were sleeping on the lower floor and were taken out safely, but the parents were forced to see the others perish. The next morning the intelligence of the fearful calamity spread rapidly throughout the county, and hundreds were soon drawn to the scene. The mangled remains of four of the children, charred and unrecognizable, were gathered up and buried in one coffin. The other two were apparently reduced to ashes, as no trace of their remains could be found.

DESPERATE DRUNKEN DEED.

Louisville, Ky., July 18.—Tom Hanlon, aged twenty-seven years, confined in the jail with delirium tremens, broke a window pane, and, with a triangular piece of glass, stabbed himself in the left lung. Turning the glass round and round he made a horrible aperture, into which he thrust his hand and pulled out a portion of his lung. He is still living, but will die.

IT WENT AROUND AMONG THE NEIGHBORS.

Mr. Levi Stahl, merchant and postmaster at Fostoria, Pa., writes:

MR. J. A. MCDONALD, Reedsville, Pa. *Dear Sir:* Sometime ago I had a severe attack of chronic diarrhœa. Could obtain no relief. A friend gave me a part of a bottle of your Curtis' Carmelite Cordial, and a few doses entirely cured me. The balance of the bottle went around among the neighbors. Since then I have written to New York and Philadelphia for the medicine, but could not procure it. I traced up the bottle we had and found it was purchased of Mr. Jacob Cowan, merchant in Altoona, and from him obtained your address. Please forward me one dozen bottles by express at once, as I do not wish to be without it in my family, and wish to sell it in my store.

A single bottle of Curtis' Carmelite Cordial guaranteed to cure any case of cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, cramps, pains, and all irritation of the bowels incident to change of climate, water or diet.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co,
Philadelphia Agents.

GOOD FOR MALARIA.

E. James, of Thompsontown, Pa., writes:

J. A. MCDONALD—*Dear Sir:* Send me two dozen of your Liver Pills at once. Some of our people say they have cured them of chills and fever, and they do not want to be without them.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

ACCIDENT TO ITALIANS.

The Bellefonte *News* of Wednesday says: Two Italians on the noon train on the B., N. & L. road met with a peculiar accident. They were wrestling on one of the open cars as the train was running at full speed, and while doing so fell on some stones. The place where they fell was near the Logan cement works, beyond Boiling Springs. It is feared that the back of one is broken and the other is badly cut in coming in contact with the stones. One of them, and perhaps both, will die. They were carried into a small building at Boiling Springs and a doctor sent for.

MIND YOUR P'S.

Persons who patronize papers should pay promptly, and not follow the example of the man who had been taking the county papers for many years without paying one cent for them, for the pecuniary prospects of the press have a peculiar power in pushing forward public prosperity. If the printer is paid promptly and his pocket book kept plethoric by prompt paying patrons, he puts his pen to his paper in peace, his paragraphs are more pointed, he paints the pictures of passing events in more pleasing colors, and the perusal of his paper is a pleasure to the people. Paste this piece of proverbial philosophy some place where all persons can see it.

DIED AT HIS POST.

A Brave Engineer Sacrifices His Life for a Train's Safety.

Philadelphia, July 19.—George Murphy, engineer of the express train that left Atlantic City at 6:45 o'clock yesterday morning, lost his life in a smash-up at Franklinville by remaining at his post instead of jumping, when he saw the danger. One hundred and fifty passengers undoubtedly owe their safety to his bravery. The fireman, John McClintock, also stayed by the engine. He was thrown about thirty feet, but was only slightly injured. The train was going at a high speed and struck an open switch, on which the engine came in collision with a lumber car. Engineer Murphy put on the air-brakes and threw open the throttle, but was buried under his engine. He sustained a compound fracture of the skull, a broken jaw, a compound fracture of the right leg, besides several internal injuries, and died in a few minutes. He was a married man and lived in Camden. The Pullman car, which was next to the engine, turned around, its hind trucks being left on the track. The occupants were badly shaken up, but none were seriously hurt. The passengers of the smoking car were compelled to climb out of the windows. The balance of the train remained on the track.

A GOOD DISINFECTANT.

The following compound has been presented to the Berlin Medical Society for purifying the atmosphere of the sick room; Oils of rosemary, lavender and thyme, in the proportions of 10, 2½ and 2½ parts respectively, are mixed with water and nitric acid in proportion of 30 to 1½. The bottle should be shaken before using, and sponges saturated in the compound left to diffuse by evaporation. This compound is said to possess extraordinary properties in cantroling ordors and effluvia.

A TEST FOR PETROLEUM.

Herr Montag, a German chemist gives the following simple test for ascertaining whether a sample of petroleum is sufficiently volatile to be dangerous. Fill a glass three-quarters full with the petroleum to be tested, and fill up the glass with boiling water, at the same time holding a flame over it. If the vapor disengaged becomes ignited, the petroleum should not be considered a safe liquid to leave exposed to the air.

Shelled corn and other coarse grain wanted at the Centre Hall roller mill.

MARRIED.

On the 16th inst., in Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fischer, Mr. James B. Winkleman, of Nittany Hall, Pa., to Miss Sadie E. Neese, of near Spring Mills, Pa.

On the same day and by the same, Mr. David Renninger to Ella B. Leitzell, both of Spring Mills, Pa.

On the 2nd inst., at the home of the bride, by Rev. J. A. Yearick, Mr. Ellsworth E. Ardery, of Martha Furnace, to Miss Mary A. Stover, of Haines township.

On the 7th ult., by Rev. N. J. Miller, W. Scott Burd, of Rebersburg, to Miss Emma J. Wolf, of Wolf's Store.

DIED.

On the 9th inst., in Sugar Valley, Clinton county, Pa., John Womeldorf, Sr., aged 71 years, 7 months and 6 days.

TO OWNERS OF CATTLE.—All persons having cattle running at large in the Seven Mts., near Flisher's Gap, are requested to come and take the same from my premises. If not attended to within 5 days from this date such owners will find the same at the public house of David Ruhl, Potters Mills, with costs and damages to pay. WM. COLYER,
8jul1t Tusseyville.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, there will be offered at public sale, on the premises, in Potter twp., on THURSDAY, August 6, 1885, the real estate belonging to the estate of Michael Spicher, dec'd, consisting of two tracts, No. 1, being a Valuable farm situate about two mile west of Old Fort, and two miles from the Lewisburg & Tyrone R. R., on the Boalsburg road, bounded by lands of George M. Beal, Leonard Rhone, and others, containing 113 ACRES and 38 perches, neat measure, thereon erected a 2-Story Stone Dwelling House, Bank barn, all necessary outbuildings, good Orchard of fruit, and a well of never failing water and two good cisterns thereon.

No. 2, adjoining the above, bounded by lands of Lafayette Neff, Love's heirs, Jacob Wagner, George M. Beal, and others, containing 102 ACRES and 6 perches, neat measure, and thereon erected a 2-story frame dwelling house. The land is all under good fences and in the highest state of cultivation. Of the above tracts about 200 acres are clear, and about 15 acres are good oak timberland.

The above will be sold in two tracts or as a whole, as may best suit purchasers and parties interested. Sale to begin at 2 p. m.

Terms—Ten per cent cash when the property is knocked off, ½ of balance on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. JOHN & MICHAEL SPICHER,
Exrs of Michael Spicher, Sr., deceased

SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID, TO SELL Nursery Stock. Experience not necessary. Apply to the old established "Newark Nurseries" of CHAS. W. STUART & CO., at Newark, Wayne County, New York. 22jul2m

Statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The Committee in charge of the construction of the base and pedestal for the reception of this great work, in order to raise funds for its completion, have prepared a miniature statuette *six inches in height*—the statue bronzed; pedestal, nickel-silvered—which they are now delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at *One Dollar Each.*

This attractive souvenir and mantel or desk ornament is a *perfect fac-simile* of the model furnished by the artist.

The statuette in same metal, *twelve inches high*, at *Five Dollars Each*, delivered.

The designs of statue and pedestal are protected by United States patents, and the models can *only* be furnished by *this Committee.* Address, with remittance,

RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary,
American Committee of the Statue of Liberty,
No. 33 Mercer Street, New York.

WANTED.

ENERGETIC, PUSHING SALESMEN to sell all kinds of Nursery Stock. I guarantee steady employment, and to successful salesmen I pay as high as $100 per month and expenses. Apply immediately, giving age. R. B. KNIFFIN,
Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.
[Refer to this paper.] outSaug

CAUTION.—Having this day bought at Constable's sale, the interest of J. K. From in all the barley, oats and corn growing on my farm in Harris twp., all persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with said property in any manner whatever. WM. H. GROH,
8jul3t Boalsburg.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Charles Ripka, deceased, late of Gregg twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. H. RIPKA,
Globe Mills, Snyder Co.,
8jul6t A. C. RIPKA,
Centre Hall, Pa.

CARDINE COMPOUND.

A NEW, SAFE AND RELIABLE REMEDY for the positive cure of Headache in its various forms, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Kidney Disease. This remedy is to counteract the too prevalent habit of using MORPHIA, which is dangerous to life and must be abolished. This is just the remedy for weak women, suffering continually with headache, constipation, etc., and who need something to impart vigor to the general system. This is no cure-all, neither is it a so-called *patent nostrum*, but the prescription of a regular graduate. Has proved efficient in thousands of cases, and can be relied on as efficient and safe.

Ask your druggist for it. Price for large bottle, $1, or address DR. BURKHART,
Collinsville, Butler County, Ohio.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.—Will be sold at public sale, at the house of John Bibby, at Spring Mills, on SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1885, the following real estate of Jacob McCool:

Two hundred and sixty-nine acres, with house, bank barn and other out-buildings, good orchard, never failing water. This is good farm land, and about two hundred acres good timberland, situate at Spring Mills.

Also, twenty-four acres, with a good house and stable, located near the railroad, about one mile west of Spring Mills, and has good water. Also, seven acres adjoining the above on the west, and clear of timber.

Sale at one o'clock p. m., when terms will be made known by JOHN GROVE,
22jul4t Assignee.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		19	20
" Western "		18	19
EGGS.			
Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	14½	15
" " "	bbls	14	14½
Western, ex brands	crates	13½	14
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb		18
" mixed "	"	12	13
" Western, straight	"	12	13
" " mixed	"	11	12
LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md. prime	per lb		6
" Fair to good	"	5	5½
" Common stock	"	3	4
Sheep, prime	"		4
Lambs, extra	"	7	7¾
Live Cattle	"	5	6
Hogs, live	"	8½	9
Pigs, live	"	8	8
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Apples, new	per bbl	$1 50	$2 00
Peaches, extra	peck crate	1 00	1 25
" fair	" "	50	75
" fancy	per crate	2 00	3 00
New Potatoes, choice	per bbl	2 25	2 50
" fair	"	1 75	2 00
" culls	"	75	1 00
Watermelons, extra	per 100	25 00	28 00
" prime	"	16 00	20 00
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice		8	8
Ohio, fat, fine		7½	8¼
HAY AND STRAW.			
Timothy, choice	per ton	$18 00	$22 00
" fair	"	16 00	18 00
Cut Hay	"	22 00	23 00
Rye Straw	"	21 00	22 00
Wheat Straw	"		10 00
Oat Straw	"	8 50	9 00
SEEDS.			
Timothy	per bu	1 70	1 75
Clover	per lb	8	9½
Flax	per bu		1 55
FEATHERS.			
Choice Geese	per lb	45	50
Prime "	"	45	46
Chicken	"	4	5
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	7½	8
" " Cow	"	7	7
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	7½	8
Tallow, Solid	"	5	5
" Cake	"		5½
Honey in Comb	"	10	11
Country Soap	"	4½	5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 20, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		45¾	—52
Wheat	"	89	—94¼
Oats	"	31	—39
Pork	"	26¼	
Lard	"	6 57½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker
21 South Third Street.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	80
White & Mixed	80
Rye	60
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	50
Oats	30
Buckwheat	80
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 45
Plaster, ground per ton	2 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50
Butter, 12; tallow, 5; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulder 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 10 cents.	

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL—Pea, 5.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.